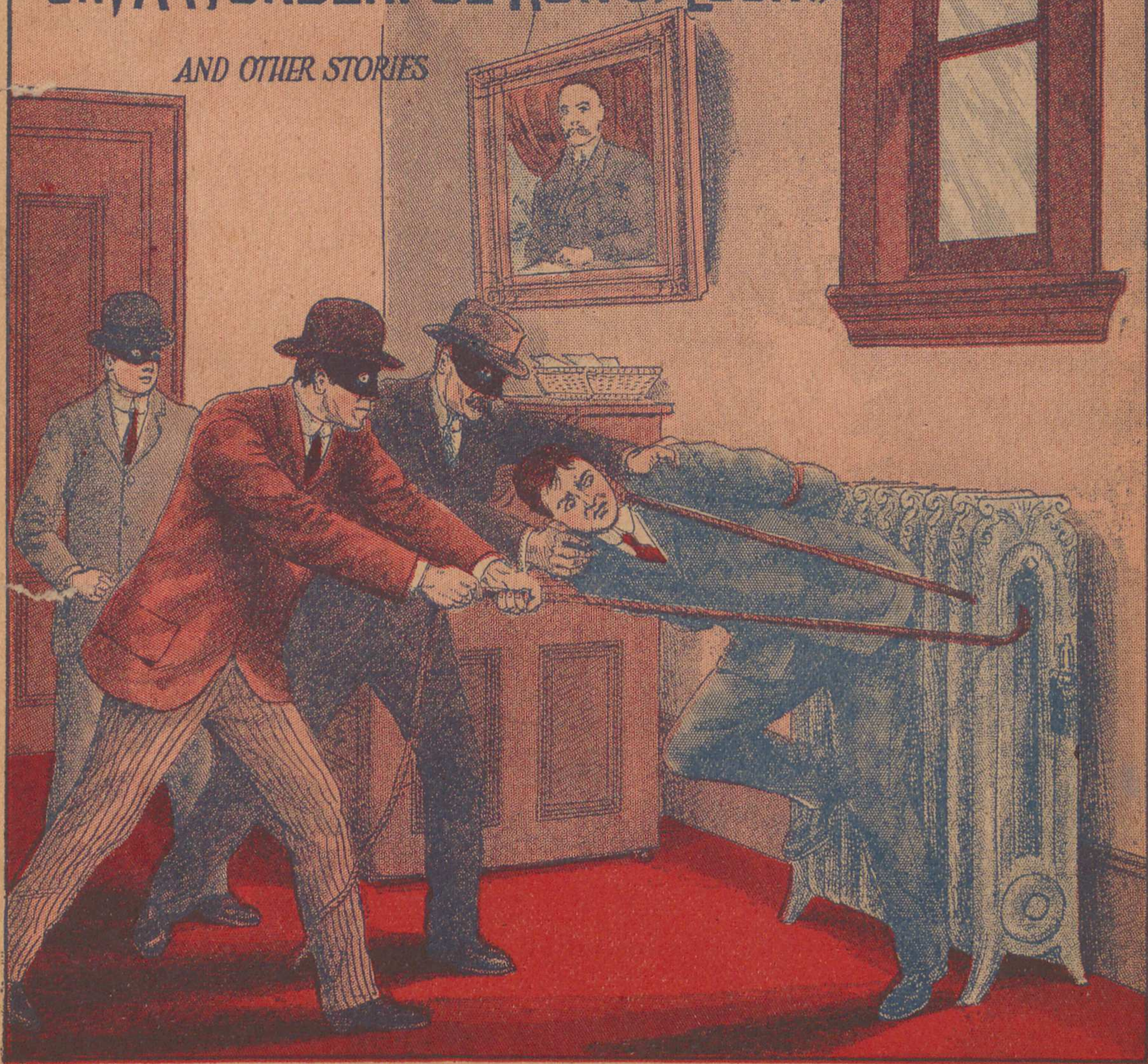


FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES OF BOYS WEEKLY. WHO MAKE MONEY.

SILENT SAM OF WALL STREET;
OR, A WONDERFUL RUN OF LUCK. *By A SELF-MADE MAN*

AND OTHER STORIES



The three masked men bound Sam's arms behind him. A noosed rope was put around his neck, one end was slipped around a coil of the radiator, and one of the villains began to pull on the line. The boy began to choke.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$4.00 per year Canadian, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Copyright, 1928, by Westbury Publishing Co., Inc., 140 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second Class Matter Dec. 8, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

No. 1170

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1928

Price 8 Cents.

Silent Sam of Wall Street

OR, A WONDERFUL RUN OF LUCK

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Adams Express Envelope.

"Billy," said Sam Brewster, margin clerk for Jarvis, Peck & Co., stock brokers of No.— Wall Street, looking out into the reception room through the cashier's window.

"Hello," said Billy Ross, the messenger of the office, who had all the earmarks of a tough youth in good clothes, jumping out of his chair and approaching the window in the partition.

"Is Mr. Jarvis in his room?" asked the margin clerk.

"Just went out."

"And Mr. Peck—is he around?"

"Nope. Didn't come in to-day."

"See this envelope?"

"Yep."

"I'd like you to take it up to the little bank on Nassau Street and hand it in to the margin clerk there. Will you do it?"

"Sure I will. I'll do anythin' for you."

"Thanks, Billy, I appreciate your willingness."

"Aw, that's all right. And don't I 'preciate what you done for my old woman when we wuz goin' to be trun out of our tenement 'cause we didn't have the rent? You loaned her a ten-spot and that carried us over. She 'preciates it, too, and what she wouldn't do for you if she could ain't worth mentionin'."

"Never mind that, Billy. Here's the note. Hurry to the bank and back, and maybe the cashier, if he gets back before you return, won't notice that you've been out."

"I don't care if he does," replied Billy, independently.

"But I care, Billy. He might question you and—"

"Don't you worry, boss, he won't learn nothin' from me. I've taken a dozen notes for you to the bank and he, nor nobody else, got on to my errand."

"Well, do the rush act, Billy," said Sam, turning away and returning to his desk.

Billy made a dash for the door just as it opened and admitted an Adams Express man who was carrying in his hand a big oblong envelope containing a remittance from an out-of-town customer to the firm.

Billy Ross collided with the express man, and both went down in a heap. Neither was hurt, but the envelope suffered some damage.

"Blame you, you young imp, can't you see where you're running?" roared the man, banging the boy over the head with the envelope.

"Aw, what's the matter with you? What did you run into me for? Who are you hittin' anyway?"

Billy snatched the envelope out of the man's hand as he rose and flung it in his face. The Adams Express messenger made a kick at him, but Billy avoided it, slipped through the door and was off like a streak, slamming the door behind him. The express man picked up the envelope, and saw that two of the three red wax seals were broken. What he said under his breath wouldn't sound well in print. Then he walked up to the cashier's window and looked into the counting-room. Sam Brewster was the only person he saw in there. It was about one o'clock and the other employees were out to their lunch. The stenographer was in her den out of sight eating lunch and reading a novel.

Sam was so busy with a paper before him, adding up several long columns of figures, that he had not particularly noticed the brief rumpus caused by Billy's energetic exit. The express messenger rapped on the glass shelf to attract his attention. He looked up and saw the man's face framed in the opening, and went over to see what he wanted. The messenger shoved his book with the envelope, damaged side down, on it in at the window.

"Sign for this, will you?" he said tersely.

Sam looked at the envelope, saw that it was addressed to Jarvis, Peck & Co., knew it was a money package and turning it over, shoved it aside and signed his name in the book. The man pulled the book out, shut it and hurried from the office, glad that he was not called upon to make any explanation about the broken seals. Sam, with his mind on his own work which was in a hurry, shoved the package into the safe, without noticing that the seals were broken, and went back to his desk.

At that moment the stenographer, a pretty and sweet faced girl, came out of her den, and walked toward the wash-room. Her name was Bessie Brougham, and she and Sam were great

friends, though they had little to say to each other in the office, except on business matters. Sam looked up as she was passing and she smiled at him.

"I wish you would make a carbon copy of this, Miss Bessie," said Sam, handing her one of the papers he had finished.

"Very well; I'll take it when I come back."

Just then Sidney Sloane, the cashier, a sprucely-dressed looking man of about thirty-five, whose handsome face wore a supercilious and slightly dissipated look, came in and walked to his desk. He and Sam Brewster had never been on particularly good terms. He was second bookkeeper when Sam was the office messenger, and Sloane took a dislike to the boy from the start for some reason known only to himself.

"An express package came a few minutes ago, Mr. Sloane. I put it in the safe," said Sam.

Sloane made no reply, and Sam, having finished his job, reached for his hat to go to lunch. His hand was on the counting-room gate when Sloane exclaimed:

"What does this mean, Brewster?"

Sam turned and saw him looking at the back of the express package.

"What's the matter?" asked Sam.

"How came these two seals broken?" demanded the cashier, sharply.

"Broken?" exclaimed Sam.

"Yes' broken," snapped Sloane. "Have you been tampering with it?"

"Tampering with it! Certainly not," replied the boy, flushing hotly, under the insinuation.

"Do you mean to tell me that envelope was delivered by the Adams Express in that shape?"

"I didn't notice that there was anything wrong with it when the man handed it to me."

"Well, that's the way I found it when I took it from the safe. Do you mean to say that you didn't know those seals were broken?"

"Are you sure they were broken when you took it from the safe?"

"Do you mean to tell me that I lie?" roared Sloane. "Didn't I say that is the way I found it?"

"I thought it was all right when the man handed it to me," replied Sam. "I have never yet seen an express package delivered with even one of the seals broken."

"You must have been fooling with it."

"Why should I? I put it in the safe the moment after I signed for it."

"Any fool handling that envelope could see that the seals were broken. This will have to be reported to Mr. Jarvis. I don't touch it in its present condition. I'm not going to be responsible for the contents. The responsibility will be up to you, for you signed for it."

The cashier tossed the envelope back into the safe and opened one of his books that lay on the desk. Sam stood with his hand on the brass gate in a hesitating way, as if he was going to say something, but changing his mind he walked outside and left the office. He almost ran into a sporty looking man who was in the act of entering.

"Are you connected with this office?" asked the stranger.

"I am," replied Sam.

"Sidney Sloane is employed here, isn't he?"

"Yes; he's the cashier. He's at his desk now."

"Much obliged," replied the sporty man, going in, while Sam continued on his way to the elevator.

The stranger walked up to the window and said: "Hello, Sloane."

The cashier wheeled around and looked at the speaker, whom he immediately recognized.

"Oh, it's you, Kirby?"

"I reckon it looks something like me. Thought I'd give you a call."

"Yes?" said Sloane, in a tone that was not particularly encouraging.

"Yes," returned Kirby, narrowing his eyes a bit for Sloane's reception was not lost upon him. "I'm going to the races this afternoon, and as I'm somewhat strapped at present I thought I would drop down and strike you for that hundred you owe me. It's been running some time now, and I think you ought to settle up."

"Sorry, Kirby, but I'm short myself," replied Sloane.

"That's what you've been saying right along whenever I hinted that you ought to square up, yet I notice you manage to have a good time just the same."

"What of that?"

"Nothing, except that I'd like my money—now."

"I regret that I can't give it to you now."

"I think you could if you wanted to. You get a good salary, and \$100 isn't so much."

"I have overdrawn my salary for some time back, so that at present there is really nothing to speak of coming to me."

"That is nothing to me," replied the sport, impatiently. "I want what is due me."

"You'll have to wait awhile longer," replied Sloane, carelessly.

"No, I don't think I will. I have my limit and it's been reached. If you don't pass over that \$100 I'll call on your employers and state the case to them."

"You wouldn't do that, Kirby," said Sloane, clearly startled at the idea.

"Yes I would, and I will," replied Kirby in a resolute tone.

"I don't see how I can pay you on such short notice."

"That isn't my funeral. You borrowed that \$100 to speculate with, according to your own statement at the time you got it. To speculate with another man's money, and then fail to return it, amounts to little less than robbery."

"Robbery! That's a harsh word, Kirby."

"I can't help it. You made the situation what it is. I shall ask to see one of your employers when one of the clerks come in."

"It will only be a waste of time. Mr. Jarvis has gone to a directors' meeting. Mr. Ryder is at the Exchange, and Mr. Peck will not be here today."

"I will wait till Mr. Jarvis returns from the meeting, or Mr. Ryder gets back from the Exchange."

"Neither may show up this afternoon," replied the cashier, though he knew he was not telling the truth.

"Are you running the office for them?" asked Kirby, sarcastically.

"When they are not here I am the boss," replied Sloane, loftily.

"You have a fine job then. I would not advise you to risk it."

"Then you really mean to interview either Mr. Jarvis or Mr. Ryder?"

"I certainly do."

"Will you give me till to-night to get the money for you?" asked Sloane, after a moment's thought.

Prentice Kirby looked at him hard.

"All right. I'll trust you that long. I don't want to make trouble for you. All I want is the money. Give me \$10 on account, so that I can have a stake this afternoon, and you won't see me till this evening, when I will expect you to meet me at the Criterion about nine o'clock."

Sloane opened the drawer of his desk, took out two \$5 bills and passed them to Kirby.

The sporty man rolled them up and stowed them in his vest pocket.

"Remember, to-night—without fail," he said.

"I won't forget," answered Sloane.

"Good-by," said Kirby, and a moment later he was gone.

"The leech!" hissed the cashier, with a baleful look in his eyes. "He wants his \$100, and I haven't a quarter of that sum I can lay my hands on. Am I ruined? No, a thought strikes me. The money must be paid to-night. Well, it shall be paid. I'll kill two birds with one stone. I'll get square with that young whipper-snapper, Brewster. He has queered me in a certain quarter, and revenge is sweet. Only for him I might have made myself solid with Miss Brougham. Never mind. If he's fired I may succeed with her yet. I am sure he has said something against me or she wouldn't give me the stony look. She's a fine girl and I am determined to stand well with her. Now about that \$100. While the chance is mine I must take it."

He took the express envelope out of the safe.

"One thousand dollars," he muttered. "From Jared Cooke. He wants us to buy for his account 100 shares of some stock on margin. I know that as well as if I was reading his letter. He always sends his money in \$100 bills. I'll see if I can get one of these out of this envelope. It will be missed of course, but I guess Brewster will have to make good, if he isn't fired. If he took that envelope in that shape from the express messenger it shows he was grossly careless for once in his life, and he'll have to explain things to Mr. Jarvis or Mr. Ryder. It is a fortunate opportunity for me, just when I needed it. The old boy is good to his own, I guess," with a chuckle as he proceeded to probe the half opened envelope for its contents.

CHAPTER II.—Sam Is Unpleasantly Surprised.

Billy, on his way back, met Sam and handed him a slip of paper, which showed that Brewster had that day purchased 100 shares of D. & G. stock at the market price. Sam put the paper in his pocket and handed Billy a dollar.

"What's the use of payin' me every time I do anythin' for you? I'd rather do it for nothin' for you," said Billy.

"Your mother needs the money if you don't, Billy, and as long as I can afford the money you mustn't refuse it," replied Sam.

"All right, boss, if you say so; but you know I'm willin' to do anythin' for you anytime you call on me."

"I know you are. Sloane is back, so if he asks you where you have been you'll have to have an excuse handy."

"Oh, don't you worry about me. I'll answer him all right," replied Billy, who then walked off at a brisk pace.

The other two clerks were at their desks when Sam got back. He always went to his lunch last and, of course, returned last. Mr. Jarvis was in his private room, having got back from the directors' meeting and Sidney Sloane was in there talking to him about the Adams Express envelope. Hardly had Sam hung up his hat when the cashier came into the counting-room.

"Mr. Jarvis wishes to see you in his room, Brewster," said Sloane with a wicked half-smile.

Sam made no reply but answered the summons. He found the senior partner at his desk with the express envelope before him.

"I believe you took this from the messenger, Brewster?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Sam.

"You signed for it, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were those two seals broken when he handed it to you?"

"I didn't notice that they were, sir."

"Didn't you examine it before signing for it?"

"I regret to say I did not. He handed it to me with the address side up, as usual, and I did not turn it over, but put it right in the safe."

"That was careless of you, Brewster. Usually you are very careful about whatever you do. Never accept an express package again in that shape. There is \$1,000 in bills in that envelope. The express company is responsible for its contents up to the moment it is delivered and signed for, then the company's responsibility ceases. You should have made the man take it back to the office and report why it came to be in that shape. It never left the office with the seals broken. Something must have happened to it on the way here. Suppose it was tampered with? Well, by signing for it you have shifted the responsibility on us. It is scarcely likely that the messenger took any liberties with it—the risk of discovery is too great. The driver of the wagon would have to be in collusion with him; and besides there is hardly any one who would take that package and sign for it with two or three seals broken, so the messenger would have to face an explanation at the office."

"I admit that I am guilty of a serious oversight, sir. I hope the contents are all right," replied Sam.

"I hope so, too. Just wait till I open it and make sure."

Mr. Jarvis opened the envelope, took the package of bills, which looked somewhat rumpled, from it and counted them. They were, as the cashier had surmised from previous experience with Jared Cooke, their customer, all \$100 bills. The senior partner counted them slowly and carefully and found only nine. Sam mentally counted them, too.

The girl clung to his arm as he led her back toward Lexington Avenue, and then down that

SAID. Mr. Sloane probably knows if anything happened to it afterward, for he handled it, as it was his business to," replied Sam.

as the broker handled them, and he felt decidedly uneasy when he saw there were but nine. Mr. Jarvis went over them again, with greater care than before, but the result was the same. He turned the envelope over, and saw that it was marked "Value, \$1,000."

He picked up Jared Cooke's letter, which accompanied the money. It was an order for the firm of Jarvis, Pack & Co. to purchase 100 shares of B. & O. at the market for his account on a ten per cent margin, and he said he enclosed \$1,000 to cover the said margin.

"Well," said the senior partner, "Mr. Cooke says he enclosed \$1,000, but there appears to be only \$900. Either he has made a mistake, or else the envelope has been tampered with by somebody. Were the seals intact when the envelope was received by you it would be up to Mr. Cooke, but as they were broken, and you have let the express company out of it why I suppose the firm will have to stand the loss."

"No, sir, if \$100 has been taken from that envelope I will make it good, as it seems to be up to my carelessness," said Sam.

"It is too bad that you should have to pay so dearly for the first piece of carelessness I have ever known you to be guilty of, Brewster."

"Yes, sir; but it happens to be my luck to get caught. It will teach me a lesson."

"I hope so; but we won't ask you to make this matter good until we have made an investigation. It is possible that Mr. Cooke only sent \$900. I shall write him about it. I believe him to be an honest man. I will also send word to the express company detailing all the facts of the case, but without intimating that we have any claim against them. That is all. Send Miss Brougham to me, please."

Sam returned to the counting-room feeling pretty blue. It was tough to be obliged to put up \$100 because he had neglected to look at the seals on the envelope when he took it from the messenger. Fortunately he could easily afford the money, but that wasn't the thing. As he passed the cashier's desk he saw Sloane looking furtively at him with a malicious expression. Instantly a suspicion formed itself in his mind that maybe the cashier had broken the seals himself, abstracted \$100, and put the matter up to him in order to get him in trouble. He knew that Sloane hated him, and would be delighted if he was discharged from the office. It was possible that he had worked the trick in some slick way thinking to put him in a bad hole.

After all, the fact that the seals were broken rested wholly on the cashier's statement that he had found them so. Sam believed he was capable of lying to score a point. However, there was no way of proving his suspicions, so he went to the stenographer's den and told Bessie that Mr. Jarvis wanted her, after which he returned to his own desk and resumed his work. The senior partner dictated two letters—one to Jared Cooke and the other to the superintendent of the express company, and the girl turned to her machine to write them off. Both, after being signed by Mr. Jarvis, were handed to Billy, to mail the first and deliver the second at the main office of the express company.

Sam thought a whole lot about that missing

\$100 bill that afternoon, and the more he figured the matter out the more he suspected the cashier of having put up a job on him. He earnestly wished that he could get at the bottom of the thing, but believed there was little chance of his doing so. At five o'clock work was over for the day. He put his books and papers in the safe, put on his hat and, after saying good afternoon to Bessie, he left the office for home.

He lived with his aunt, who kept a boarding house, on Thirty-ninth Street. He had been working in Wall Street four years, starting as a messenger and office boy in the same office where he was now margin clerk. His taciturnity gained for him the nickname of "Silent Sam of Wall Street," among the other boys, who never could draw him into any kind of lengthy conversation. He attended strictly to business and "sawed wood," as the saying is, and the brokers for whom he worked approved very much of his methods, consequently he stood well in their good graces, and they advanced him at the first opportunity.

He had little to say to the other clerks in the counting-room, and that little was chiefly on business. He had frequent short chats with Bessie, whom he liked very much, but these talks took place either in the corridor, or in the street, when they happened to meet. Bessie liked him none the less because he was reserved. She considered him a boy of sense, and a manly one, too. In fact, everybody in the office liked him but the cashier, and Sidney Sloane made no effort to conceal his aversion for the boy. Sloane was, without doubt, an unusually capable bookkeeper and cashier. He worked himself up from messenger, and enjoyed the confidence of the firm.

He was inclined to be sporty, and sowed a considerable quantity of wild oats, but it was only within a few months that he had got into a rather fast set, the members of which set a pace that was too strenuous for Sloane's income. As he was too proud to quit, and in fact had no inclination to do so, he was getting deeper in debt and trouble every day. The \$100 he had abstracted—from the Adams Express envelope would relieve him of his most persistent creditor, and he hoped its loss would undermine Sam Brewster in the estimation of the firm. At any rate if it didn't result in the boy's discharge, he trusted it would be an opening wedge, which he could follow up with other slick tricks later on.

CHAPTER III.—Sam Protects Bessie.

Directly after dinner, Mrs. Barton, Sam's aunt, sent him over to East Sixtieth Street, near Lexington Avenue, to see the woman who did her washing. Sam performed his errand and was returning when a girl quickly turned the corner of Lexington Avenue and came toward him. She seemed in a great hurry, the cause of which was soon apparent. A well dressed man, with a silk hat turned the corner almost immediately after and quickly overtook her.

"Why do you try to shun me, Miss Brougham?" asked the man, whose manner showed he had been drinking freely, though he was not intoxicated.

"Because your attentions are unpleasant to me,

Mr. Sloane," replied the young lady. "I am surprised that you should insist on forcing yourself on me. My conduct toward you at the office must have sufficiently expressed my feelings toward you, and I must again request you to leave me."

"My dear Miss Brougham, I am a gentleman, and——"

"Your actions are not those of one, or you would not annoy me as you are doing," answered the girl spiritedly.

"Annoy you, Miss Brougham! Nothing is further from my thoughts, I assure you."

"Then permit me to pass on, sir."

"You must first allow me to explain my intentions. I assure you that they are perfectly honorable. Your loveliness has fascinated me and——"

"I do not wish to listen to any further explanation."

"You may scold me, my charming young lady, as much as you like, but I have sufficient discernment to admire a pretty face when I see one."

"Will you let go my hand, sir?" cried Bessie Brougham, indignantly.

"In a moment. We are alone, and I don't think you will refuse me a kiss on those rosy lips of yours," said the cashier, the liquor getting the better of him at that moment.

"You insult me. Release me or I will call for help."

"You will call in vain, for there is no one to prevent me taking one chaste salute."

As he struggled to secure the kiss he craved, Sam stepped up, seized Sloane by the collar and pulled him away from the girl.

"How dare you insult this young lady in such a way, Mr. Sloane?" he asked sternly. "Are you mad or drunk?"

"Oh, Mr. Brewster!" cried the girl, recognizing the boy with a little cry of joy. "Please take me away from this man."

"Certainly, Miss Bessie; but first he must apologize to you for his conduct."

"Apologize!" cried the cashier, thickly, glaring at Sam. "Apologize, you young—thief!"

"What's that?" cried Sam.

"I said you were a thief. Is that plain enough? You stole \$100 from the Adams Express envelope we received today."

"You're a liar, and you know it!" cried the boy, fully aroused. "It is my idea that you broke the seals and took the money yourself."

"How dare you insinuate such a thing?" roared Sloane, slapping Sam in the face.

The next moment he was staggering back head over heels into the gutter from a blow delivered straight from the shoulder by the boy. Sputtering with rage the cashier raised himself with some difficulty.

"I'll have you discharged for that. Discharged—do you understand?" he cried, shaking his fist at the margin clerk.

"Look out that you don't get the hook yourself. You have insulted Miss Brougham on the street, and I am a witness of the fact. If she reports your conduct to Mr. Jarvis there will probably be something doing in the office you won't like. Come, Miss Bessie, let us leave him to go his own way. He is evidently intoxicated."

The girl clung to his arm as he led her back toward Lexington Avenue, and then down that

street after she had indicated her desire to go in that direction.

"You don't know how grateful I am to you for saving me from that man," she said, earnestly.

"You are welcome, Miss Bessie. I am very glad I happened so fortunately to be on hand to protect you. No man, were he the President of the United States, shall insult you with impunity in my presence," replied Sam.

"It is very kind of you to take my part, Mr. Brewster. I will never forget it."

"Don't mention it, Miss Bessie. It was my duty, and a pleasant one, to interfere in your behalf. Do you live in this neighborhood?"

"I live on East Fifty-second Street, near this avenue. I went to call on a young lady friend, but she was not in. As I was returning I met Mr. Sloane, and he tried to force his undesirable company upon me. I tried to get away from him by walking fast, and turning down that side street, but he followed and caught me. I was surprised at his conduct, and only for your opportune arrival I know not how far he would have gone. He is surely not in his right senses."

"He is evidently quite intoxicated, but that does not excuse him for insulting you."

Sam escorted the stenographer as far as the door of the flat where she lived, and then he bade her good night and started for his home. Reaching Broadway he saw Sidney Sloane entering the building where the Criterion Billiard and Pool Parlor was situated on the second floor. The cashier was perceptibly unsteady on his feet. The fall he had sustained at Sam's hand had sent the liquor to his head and muddled up his brains.

"Hello, Brewster," said a voice in Sam's ear, as he paused to look after the cashier. "Looking at Sloane? He appears to have a jag on. Rather early in the evening for that. He hasn't lost much time in loading up."

Sam turned and recognized Ed Andrews, the second bookkeeper at the office.

"Good evening, Mr. Andrews," he said.

"Oh, drop the mister, my dear fellow. We're all on the same footing at the office, Sloane excepted. He regards himself as a shade better than the rest of us; but hang me if I can see where he is entitled to the consideration. He puts on a lot of airs, which, however, don't count with me worth a cent."

"He is not a gentleman at any rate," replied Sam, thinking of the cashier's conduct with Miss Brougham, and wondering how the man would square himself at the office next day if the girl complained about him to Mr. Jarvis, or one of the other partners.

Andrews laughed.

"You and he never did pull well," he said. "I can't imagine what he has against you. By the way, what was the trouble about that Adams Express envelope?"

"What did you hear about it?"

"Sloane hinted that there was something wrong about it, and that you were mixed up in it."

"I don't feel at liberty to make any explanation about the matter except that I took the package from the messenger and signed for it, when all hands were out at lunch, and then put it in the safe. Mr. Sloane probably knows if anything happened to it afterward, for he handled it, as it was his business to," replied Sam.

"What could have happened to it?"

"You will have to get any further information about it from Mr. Sloane."

"He told Dixon and me that it had been tampered with."

"And I suppose he told you that I was the person suspected of monkeying with it?"

"He intimated something to that effect."

"Well, I've got nothing more to say about the matter."

"Where are you bound now?"

"Home."

"You're not in a particular hurry, are you?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Ever been in the Criteron?"

"Never."

"Then come upstairs with me."

"I'd rather not. I don't play billiards or pool."

"Well, come up a moment or two with me and watch the games."

"I can't say that I'm interested in the game."

"Come up anyway. I'm only going to stay a minute, just long enough to see if a friend of mine I'm looking for is there. Then I'll walk down Broadway with you, if you are going that way," said Andrews, taking Sam by the arm and leading him, rather against his will, upstairs.

They entered a large room filled with billiard and pool tables and brilliantly lighted with electricity. Nearly all the tables were in use, mostly by young men who seemed to be enjoying themselves. The scene was rather a novelty to Sam, who did not frequent such establishments, and he looked around him curiously. Following Andrews, who moved about looking for his friend, he presently found himself at the back of the room where there were a number of little box-like compartments partitioned off for customers who wanted to take a private drink.

"Sit down in there, Brewster. I'll be back in a moment," said the second bookkeeper, motioning to one of the compartments, the interior of which, like the others, was partly screened by a draped curtain.

Sam entered the place and sat down. He had been there about a minute when he saw Sloane and the man he had encountered at the door of the office that day when he went to his lunch, approaching. The cashier's face looked flushed, and he was more unsteady than ever. The two entered the adjoining compartment and sat down.

"What will you have, Kirby?" hiccupped Sloane.

"Whiskey for me," said the sporty man. "You'd better take a soda. You look as if you'd drunk enough of the regulation stuff for to-night. You must have been rushing matters since you left the office."

"Nonsense! I'm just feeling good, that's all," replied Sloane, pushing a button to summon a waiter.

"Feeling good, eh?" laughed Kirby.

"Yes, I made the raffle and I'm able to pay you that \$100 I owe you, less the ten you got from me today. You see I've got my brains about me even if I have a few extra drinks aboard."

"Yes, I see. Well, I'm glad you're ready to cough up. I lost that ten this afternoon, and I'm flat broke."

"Here you are—nine tens. Count them. Now I'll trouble you for my I O U."

"The money is correct. There's your note. Did you have to borrow the money? You said you had overdrawn your salary, and that there was nothing coming to you."

"No, I didn't borrow it, but I got it all right."

"I hope you haven't been robbing the firm," chuckled Kirby.

"Don't you worry about me robbing the firm. I'm no fool. I think too much of my position."

"Oh, it's nothing to me where you got it."

"That's right. Never be curious about what doesn't concern you. Something happened that put a hundred spot in my way this afternoon. It was my luck and I didn't let it get away from me."

"Won it on the market, maybe?"

"No. Say, Kirby," said Sloane, suddenly, "if a viper crossed your path what would you do to it?"

"I'd put my heel on it and crush it," replied the other promptly. "Why do you ask that question?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking about something."

"I hope you're not getting 'em," laughed Kirby.

"Getting what?"

"The horrors. You see things—vipers and such like—then."

"I didn't refer to those kind of vipers."

"What kind, then?"

"A two-legged one."

"Oh, I see. Some fellow you don't like, eh?"

"That's it."

"You want to get square with him, I suppose?"

"Oh, I'll get square with him," gritted Sloane. "He added insult to injury to me to-night. He interfered between me and a young lady I'm sweet on, and actually struck me. My blood boils when I think about it. I won't be satisfied until I get him fired from the office."

"He works in your office, does he?"

"You ought to be able to fix him as you're the boss of the counting-room."

"I intend to. I may want you to help me out. Will you do it?"

"Is there anything in it for me?"

"I'll give you fifty dollars if I can use you."

"I'm on, provided it isn't anything that will get me into trouble."

"You won't get into trouble. I'll meet you here tomorrow night and we'll talk it over. I don't feel quite equal to it tonight."

"All right. I'll be on hand."

"I'm going home now to sleep this bug of mine off. Tomorrow night, remember."

The two men then left the compartment. Sam had heard every word that passed between them.

"So Sloane is going to put up some job on me?" he muttered. "Let him try it. Forewarned is forearmed. It was fortunate for me that I came here tonight, for now I know what to expect from him. I am thoroughly satisfied now that he took that \$100 from the Adams Express envelope. He needed it to settle the debt he owed this sporty friend of his. It's too bad I can see no way of bringing the theft home to him. Well, never mind. Give him rope enough and he'll hang himself yet."

Just then Andrews appeared and they left the place together.

CHAPTER IV.—Knocked Out.

Next morning a representative of the express company called on the firm and was shown into Mr. Jarvis's room. In a few minutes Sam was called inside and told how he received the envelope which he had signed for.

"You should have examined it carefully before signing for it," said the gentleman from the express office. "I had a talk with the messenger who delivered it and he insists that the seals were all right when it left our office. In fact we should not have sent it out had even one of the seals been found to be broken. As far as I can see there is no evidence to show that it was not delivered here in the shape that we received it in. Had the seals come apart in the wagon it was the messenger's duty to retain the envelope and report the fact at the office with such explanation as he could make. As you cannot say that the seals were broken when you signed for it, it seems to me that the company is bound to accept the statement of its messenger."

Sam made no reply, as he saw the justice of the gentleman's argument. Mr. Jarvis admitted that the facts were all in favor of the express company, and so the matter rested.

Bessie Brougham did not report the cashier's conduct to her on the street as she had intended doing, for Sloane waylaid her that morning in the corridor and apologized in a very humble manner, alleging that he had taken a few drinks the night before, to which he said he was unused, and the liquor had gone to his head and caused him to misbehave himself. That evening Sam visited the Criterion Billiard Parlor of his own accord. Sidney Sloane was to meet the sporty man there with a view of concocting some plot to compass his downfall at the office, and Sam wanted to try and find out what the scheme was.

He hung around the little compartments for an hour before he saw either of the persons whose movements he was interested in. Then Prentice Kirby walked in with a new hat and overcoat. He strolled around the room and finally sat down near the door. In a short time some acquaintance of his came in and invited him to play, and they took possession of one of the tables. Sam watched them for fully an hour, but Sloane did not turn up. Then Kirby put up his cue and strolled out.

Sam followed him downstairs, and up the street to a saloon which he entered. The boy walked in, too, a moment or two later, and saw Kirby talking with a man at a side table. They had drinks before them. Sloane was not there, so Sam gave the matter up for the night, as it was close on to eleven, and went home, satisfied that the cashier had either changed his mind, or something had turned up to prevent him keeping his engagement with the sport.

Next morning Mr. Jarvis called the boy into his room and showed him the reply he had received from Jared Cooke, which was to the effect that he (Cooke) had enclosed the \$1,000 in the envelope in the presence of the express agent after having the man count the bills. Mr. Cooke's statement was endorsed by the agent's signature and the stamp of the express office.

"That settles it," said Sam. "I'll make the loss good, Mr. Jarvis."

"Well," replied the broker, "I suppose the matter is up to you; but that does not quite satisfy me. I would like to find out who took that \$100 bill."

"So would I," replied Sam, though privately he thought he knew.

As his idea was merely a suspicion, of course he could not make it known to his employer, for he knew that the cashier stood well with the firm.

"Certainly you didn't take it, and Mr. Sloane didn't take it, therefore it must have been abstracted by someone connected with the express company," said the broker. "I think I will hire a detective to look up the messenger and the driver of the wagon. If the theft rests with them the detective may be able to find it out in some way. We will let your responsibility for the money rest for a few days until I see if anything develops. If not you can repay the sum in small amounts week by week."

Sam bowed and returned to the counting-room. He would like to have told the broker about the payment of the \$100 by the cashier to Kirby, and suggest that the detective ought to watch Sloane and the sporty man, as well as the two employees of the express company, but he was afraid Mr. Jarvis would not consider such a thing at all. A week passed during which, much to Sloane's satisfaction, D. & G. went up eight points, and things went on the same as usual at the office. Sam was never more wideawake in his life, for he was on his guard against any crooked business that the cashier might try to pull off on him. Nothing happened, however, to arouse his suspicions.

Sloane maintained his customary demeanor toward him, addressing him only when business called for it, and as briefly as possible. Bessie told him that Sloane had apologized to her, and as the cashier did not attempt to retaliate on him for the blow the lad had given him, Sam concluded that he had let the matter pass. He did not believe that Sloane would forget his overthrow, but would bide his chance to get satisfaction. Sam determined not to afford him the opportunity. One afternoon Mr. Peck called Sam into his room. Sloane was in there at the time looking over the letter file.

"Brewster," said Mr. Peck, "when you leave this afternoon Mr. Sloane will hand you an envelope containing a statement of account of one of our customers in the Bronx and the amount due him, which he has requested us to send him in bills. You will count the money yourself so that you can see it is all right, and you must have Mr. Adams count it in your presence and sign the enclosed receipt for it. You can take the envelope to his house this evening after you have had your supper. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Get your car fare from Mr. Sloane. That is all."

At ten minutes before five Sloane called Sam to his desk.

"Here is the envelope you are to deliver by Mr. Peck's orders at the residence of Mr. Adams this evening," said the cashier. "His address is on it. The statement of account is in it. The balance due Mr. Adams is \$825.32. You see it is so stated on the receipt. There is the money. Count it, please, and satisfy yourself that it is all right."

Sam did so, and found the money correct.

"Now put it in the envelope with the receipt and seal it up. Bring me the receipt in the morning signed by Mr. Adams. That is all."

The cashier turned abruptly away, and began stowing his books into the safe. Usually Sloane left as soon as all the books and documents were in the safe and he had turned the handle of the combination lock. On this occasion he did not leave until all hands, including the stenographer, had departed. The last thing he did was to address a large envelope, similar to the one he had handed Sam. Sam went home, had his dinner and then started for the home of Mr. Adams up in the Bronx. He walked over to Third avenue and took an elevated train, which landed him at a station six or seven blocks from his destination. Sam went on his way never dreaming that he was walking into an ambush prepared for him.

He was within a block of Mr. Adams' house when suddenly three masked men jumped out from behind the low fence of one of the houses on the block where they had been hiding, and before he could put up any kind of a fight he was knocked senseless with a slung-shot. As Sam fell, knocked out, the man who had delivered the blow looked sharply around, and then turning to one of the others, said:

"There's your man. The coast is clear, but you'd better be quick for somebody might turn up at any moment."

The person addressed bent over Sam and feeling of his pockets soon drew out the envelope which had been intrusted to him for delivery to his firm's customer. He then pulled a similar envelope, but an empty one, out of his own pocket. Tearing off the end of the bulky one he took out its contents, peeled off a couple of bills which he stuffed in his pocket, transferred the rest of the contents to the other envelope, sealed it and placed it back in Sam's pocket. While he was doing this the others, removed their masks and put them in their pockets. One of the men bore a strong likeness to Kirby, the sport.

Having completed his job the chap who had made the change of the envelopes, rose to his feet and took off his own mask, revealing the face of Sidney Sloane.

"Now then, Allen, you remain with him and bring him to his senses as soon as you can," said Sloane. "You know what to say when he opens his eyes. After you see him on his way join us downtown and you will get your money."

Sloane and Kirby then walked off, while their companion bent down and poured whiskey into Sam's mouth, and took other means to bring him around. In a few minutes Sam came to his senses and looked around him in a dazed way.

"How do you feel, young fellow?" asked Allen, assisting the boy to rise.

"Kind of groggy. I was attacked and knocked out by three rascals and I fear robbed of a package I had about me," replied Sam.

"Yes, I know. I saw the whole thing and I frightened them off before they got much of a chance to go through you."

"Did you?" said Sam, feeling in his pocket.

His fingers closed eagerly around the precious envelope and he drew it out. As he looked at it his heart gave a throb of satisfaction.

"They didn't get it. You say you frightened

them off. I am under great obligations to you, sir. Had I lost this envelope I would have been in a bad fix. I am very grateful to you for being the means of saving my property."

"You're welcome. Can I be of any further service to you?"

"You might go with me as far as the address of this envelope. I feel kind of rocky after the crack I received on the head."

"All right," replied Allen, lending Sam the support of his arm.

"Will you let me know who you are?" asked the boy.

"Oh my name is Smith, and I live in the house in front of which you were slugged. I was coming out when those chaps jumped on you. There were three of them. The moment they saw me they hoofed it as fast as they could, leaving you lying on the sidewalk."

When he got to Mr. Adams's house Sam again thanked the man he supposed to be his preserver and took leave of him. As Sam ascended the stoop and rang the bell, Allen hurried away as fast as he could go, chuckling at the ease with which he had hookwinked the boy.

CHAPTER V.—Missing—\$200.

"Is Mr. Adams in?" asked Sam of the girl who answered his ring.

"He is," was the reply.

"I'd like to see him, please."

"Walk in. Who shall I say you are?"

"A messenger from Jarvis, Peck & C., stock brokers, with a letter for him."

The girl showed Sam into the parlor and then went to inform the master of the house. In a few minutes Mr. Adams, an elderly gentleman with iron gray hair, appeared. Sam got up and bowed.

"I am from Jarvis, Peck & Co., Wall Street," he said. "I have brought you an envelope containing your statement of account with the firm, and the balance due you in settlement of said account."

"Very well," replied the gentleman. "What's the matter with your head? Did you have a fall? You are bleeding."

"I had an encounter with three footpads about a block from here. I was knocked senseless by a blow from some kind of a weapon, and I would surely have lost this envelope, containing something over \$800, but for the appearance on the scene of a man named Smith who lives in the house in front of which I was attacked."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the gentleman in a tone of concern. "Let me look at your wound."

Mr. Adams examined Sam's head.

"You received quite a cut, evidently from a blunt instrument, but it is not at all serious. Stop into the nearest drugstore on your way back and have it attended to. I haven't any court plaster in the house or I would fix you up myself."

"Oh, it doesn't bother me much. Kind of sore, that's all. You will find your statement and the money in that envelope, with a receipt for you to sign. Please count the amount and see that it's all right."

Mr. Adams tore open the envelope, glanced at

the statement and saw that the sum due to him was \$825.32, representing a loss to him on his deal of about \$175. Then he counted the money, but only found \$625.32. He counted it a second time with the same result.

"There appears to be a mistake here," he said.

"A mistake!" exclaimed Sam.

"Yes. There is only \$625.32—\$200 short."

"I don't see how that can be, sir. I counted the money myself before I left the office and found the amount correct," replied Sam.

"Well, look it over. I can't make out but \$625.32," said Mr. Adams after looking into the empty envelope to make sure he had not left a bill or two in it. Sam counted the money and to his surprise found that the gentleman was correct.

"Could those rascals have got away with \$200 of that money?" he said.

"I should think they would have taken all if any. It would have been just as easy for them," said Mr. Adams.

"That's right," admitted the puzzled Sam. "Let me look at the envelope, sir."

He examined it closely, but it showed no evidence of having been tampered with. The flap was sealed up tight, and the only opening was that which the gentleman had made when he tore the end off.

"I counted the money carefully that the cashier handed me before I placed it in the envelope, and I am willing to swear that there was 825.32, the sum due to you."

"I am sorry, but there is clearly only \$625.32 now, as you see. You can hardly expect me to sign for more than that," said the gentleman.

Sam, clearly much perplexed, went over the bills again, but there was no doubt that the money he had put in the envelope himself and sealed up had shrunk \$200.

He could not account for the mystery. According to the statement of Smith, the man who had put the footpads to flight, they had had little chance to rob him. Had they reached the envelope at all they would have taken it as it was.

It was simply ridiculous to suppose, even if they had had the opportunity of going through him, that they would have opened the envelope, taken out \$200, left the rest and returned it to his pocket. Besides, even if he entertained such a wild supposition, they would have been obliged to tear the envelope in order to get at its contents, and he had to admit that it was in perfect shape when he handed it to Mr. Adams.

"Well, sir, I can't make head or tail of this matter. You'll have to alter the receipt to conform with the sum it contained, and it will be up to me to explain matters to my firm the best way I can," said Sam, lugubriously. "It is certainly tough to be knocked down and out on the street and then find myself unable to account for a mysterious discrepancy in the amount presumed to be in the envelope."

"I sympathize with you, young man, but I don't see how I can help you out," replied the gentleman.

"This is the second piece of hard luck I've run up against in a week."

"The second?"

"Yes, sir. As they say misfortune as well as good luck runs in threes, I suppose I may look

for another dose of the same medicine before long."

"I hope not. You will probably find that you left the missing \$200 at the office," said Mr. Adams.

Sam shook his head.

"The cashier counted the money before me and handed it over telling me to count it myself to make sure it was all right. I did so and found it all right. I put the money in the envelope myself and sealed it up. If I'm not responsible for the missing \$200 who is?"

Mr. Adams had to admit that things looked bad for his young visitor. There was nothing for him to do, however, but alter the figures on the receipt and sign it. Then Sam took his leave. He started on the way he came, and on the way he decided to call on Mr. Smith, his rescuer, and make a few inquiries. While in the man's company he had not been in condition to ask any questions. In fact, when he found the envelope safe he did not bother much about what had happened to him.

Now that the envelope had undergone some mysterious hocus pocus he was anxious to probe into the affair. Still the fact that the envelope showed no signs of having been tampered with seemed to make any inquiry useless. He remembered the house in front of which he had been struck down by a tree that stood at the curb. Going to the door he asked the woman who answered his ring if Mr. Smith was in.

"No such person lives here," she replied, looking at him rather suspiciously.

Seeing that the woman was not desirous of continuing the interview he thanked her, and walked away.

"I seem to be up against it to-night for fair," he muttered, as he walked across the street.

As he was about to step on the walk on the other side of the rays of the gas lamp, shining down on the gutter, sparkled on some bright object. This attracted Sam's attention and he stooped to see what it was. It proved to be a glass button. Close to it lay a crumpled envelope. Something in the looks of the envelope caused Sam to pick it up. He opened it out and looked at it under the gas rays. One sharp glance at it caused him to utter a gasp of astonishment. It was the facsimile of the envelope he had delivered to Mr. Adams!

CHAPTER VI.—Figuring on the Case.

Sam looked at it in a bewildered way. It was addressed to Mr. Adams in Sidney Sloane's handwriting, just as the other was.

"What in thunder does this mean?" breathed the perplexed boy. "How did this envelope get here? Why should Sloane have addressed two envelopes the same anyway? How many more mysteries am I going to be up against to-night?"

While he stood there a policeman approached and eyed him sharply. Sam heard his step and turned his head.

"Officer," he said, "will you step here a minute?"

The policeman came over.

"See that cut on my head," said Sam, holding his head in the glare of the gas.

"Yes."

"I was passing up that side of the street about an hour ago when I was attacked and knocked senseless by three men with masks over their faces. One of them gave me that cut."

"Were you robbed?" asked the officer, glancing at Sam's watch chain which was in its usual place.

"No. Fortunately a man, who said his name was Smith, appeared and frightened the men away. Do you know a man of that name who lives around here?"

"No. Never heard of him."

"Do you know many of the residents hereabouts?"

"Quite a number. I don't believe there is a Smith in this vicinity unless he is a newcomer. I have been on this beat for more than a year."

"Thank you. Will it do any good to report the hold-up at the station?"

"You'd better report the matter anyway."

"Where is the station?"

The policeman told him where it was—quite a number of blocks away.

"Well, I may drop in there before I return downtown."

Thus speaking Sam turned and retraced his steps to Mr. Adams's house. Ringing the bell he again asked to see the gentleman, and was once more shown into the parlor. Mr. Adams's seemed surprised at Sam's return.

"A singular thing happened to me on my way to the station, Mr. Adams," said the boy, "and is the cause of my return."

"Indeed!" asked the gentleman in an expectant tone.

"I suppose you still have the envelope in which I brought you your statement and the money, which was \$200 short?"

"It is in my waste basket. Do you wish to see it again?"

"If you please."

"Follow me into the library."

Sam did so. The gentleman fished the envelope out and handed it to the boy. Sam laid it on his desk, took out the envelope he had picked out of the gutter and placed it under it.

"What do you think of that? Aren't those two identical in every way?"

Mr. Adams looked at the two envelopes and agreed that they were.

"Do you connect it with the missing \$200?" he said.

"I am beginning to feel that I am the victim of a put-up job on the part of the only personal enemy I have—a man in the office where I work. If you will permit me to tell you the circumstances connected with the loss of \$100 bill from an Adams Express envelope a week ago, and another matter connected with the person I suspect, perhaps your judgment may add a little light to all this mystery I am up against."

"Certainly. I will be glad to hear you, and if I can help you out you may be sure I will," replied Mr. Adams.

Accordingly Sam told the gentleman about the broken seals on the express envelope he had signed for, admitting his own carelessness in not examining the article when the messenger handed

it in through the window to him, and how when the envelope was opened by the senior partner the money it contained was found \$100 short. He then told of the sporty man's visit to the cashier which he connected with the payment that evening of \$100 by Sidney Sloane to the individual in question at the Criterion billiard parlors, and he repeated the substance of the conversation he had overheard between the two men.

"You see, sir," went on Sam, "Sloane admitted to his companion that something happened that afternoon which put the \$100 in his way, and he took advantage of it. I can't really say what it was that the cashier referred to, but owing to the rather strained relations between that man and me I have my suspicions. You also see, if you accept my word, that Sloane said he meant to do me up so that I would be discharged from the office, and he offered Kirby \$50 if he would help him carry out some scheme to that end."

Mr. Adams nodded.

"Now the evidence furnished by these duplicate envelopes, both in Sloane's handwriting, the second one of which I found within one hundred yards of the spot where I was attacked, torn open at the end as if in haste, leads me to suspect that the men who attacked me may have been Sloane, Kirby and a third man, and that the purpose of the attack was to put me in the hole I now find myself in with respect to the missing \$200. Sloane, with his purpose in view, could easily have brought with him another envelope addressed exactly like the one I had. While I lay unconscious he could have taken the original envelope from my pocket, transferred its contents, less \$200, to the other envelope, sealed that up and put it in my pocket."

"Your deduction sounds reasonable. There is one objection to it, however."

"What is that, sir?"

"The statement of the man Smith who rescued you. He said, I think, that he frightened the rascals off before they had time to rob you."

"I'm thinking that Smith lied to me about the part he took in the affair. He told me he lived in the house in front of which I was knocked down. Well, I went there to see him and the woman who came to the door told me that no person of the name of Smith lived in that house, or in the houses on either side of it. So now I suspect that this alleged Smith was one of the men who attacked me, and that he remained on the spot to revive me and tell me the fake story about saving me before I was robbed, in order to account for the envelope being still in my pocket."

"Your point seems well taken," said Mr. Adams, somewhat impressed by the force of the boy's reasoning.

"Well, doesn't the whole thing look like a plan to get me in trouble?"

"Yes, it does look that way according to your deductions and the circumstances bearing on the case. Now, young man, if I were you I'd go straight to the house of one of your employers and lay the case before him. Tell him everything just as you have told it to me."

"But Sidney Sloane stands well with the firm. None of them will believe that he is implicated in the matter," replied Sam.

"Never mind that. As matters stand things

look serious for you, and it is your duty to protect yourself in any way you can. You needn't go so far as to actually accuse the cashier. Just put all the circumstances and facts up to your employer and let him judge as to what they are worth. How do you stand yourself with your employers?"

"First rate. The Adams Express envelope matter is the first slip I've made since I've been at the office."

"How long have you worked for the firm?"

"A little over four years; but Sloane has worked for them twice as long."

"I think you'll get a square deal. Go now, for it is getting late, and you don't want to reach the house of whichever partner you decide to call on after he has gone to bed."

"All right, sir; I will follow your advice."

Sam got up and took his leave of Mr. Adams.

CHAPTER VII.—A Momentous Interview.

Mr. Jarvis, the senior partner, lived in a fine house on Madison avenue, and an hour later Sam stood at his door ringing the bell.

"Is Mr. Jarvis at home?" he asked of the servant who answered his ring.

"Yes."

"I wish to see him on business of great importance."

"Come in. Let me have your name, please."

"Samuel Brewster."

Sam was shown into the dark parlor. The servant pushed a button near the door and one of the chandeliers blazed with electricity. In a few moments she returned and told the boy to follow her. She led Sam to the library on the second floor. The room was elegantly decorated and furnished, a noticeable feature being a tiger's head rug, that must have cost several thousand dollars, on the floor.

"This is quite a surprise, Brewster. Sit down," said the broker, who was attired in a velvet smoking jacket and slippers.

"A matter of great importance to me, and of interest to the firm, brought me here at this rather unseemly hour."

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir. I felt I could not sleep on the matter. My story is going to surprise you, but what you will think of me when I get through I cannot say. I wish to say before I begin that every word of my story is Heaven's own truth. Unless you believe me I might as well throw up my hands."

Mr. Jarvis looked somewhat astonished at Sam's preliminary speech.

"I judge you have a serious matter to disclose," he said.

"It is serious for us, and it seems to involve the man you trust most in your office."

"Do you refer to Mr. Sloane?"

"I do. I hardly expect my word to go as far as his, but I'm going to tell you all the facts and let you judge whether a rascally job has been put up on me to bring about my discharge, or whether this is another mystery on a par with the Adams Express envelope, which in my opinion is not half

as much of a mystery as it appeared to be on the surface."

"Go on with your story, Brewster," said the broker.

"I will, sir, and I have no doubt you will act fairly toward me."

Sam at once related all the particulars of the money envelope he had been requested by Mr. Peck to deliver to Mr. Adams that evening at his home. He showed the cut on his head as evidence that he had been assaulted. Mr. Jarvis heard him through without a word.

"You say you counted the money you got from the cashier and found it correct before you sealed it up in the envelope?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when you recovered your senses after having been knocked unconscious you found the envelope untouched in your pocket?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when you handed the envelope to Mr. Adams unbroken and he opened it and counted the money it was \$200 short?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is very singular."

"That's the way I looked at it when I left Mr. Adams's house with the receipt for the actual sum he received. There is the envelope he returned to me. He tore off the end himself; otherwise you can see it has not been tampered with."

"Well?" said the broker.

"On my way back to the station, and about a hundred yards from the spot where I was knocked down, I found that envelope. It is the exact duplicate of the other, you will observe," and Sam handed the second envelope to Mr. Jarvis.

Mr. Jarvis looked at it, compared it with the other, and then looked at Sam.

"Both are in Mr. Sloane's handwriting."

"So I perceive."

"The question is, why should there be duplicate envelopes, and why should the second one be found in a gutter of the Bronx near where I was struck down? There must be some connection between the two."

"Your statement is plausible, Brewster, but remember you are making a very serious accusation against Mr. Sloane, and one which I am loath to entertain. Practically you have proved nothing. You did not even see the faces of the three men who attacked you, and therefore you could not identify them if they stood before you, unless possibly some particular part of their attire, peculiar to them alone, attracted your attention."

"Let me now give you my reasons for suspecting Mr. Sloane, then you will be able to consider the matter intelligently," said Sam.

"Proceed."

Sam began at the beginning of his career at the office and told how he had in some unknown way got into the bad graces of the cashier. He brought things down to the present and told about his encounter with Sloane on the street when he rescued the stenographer from his insulting conduct, and how the cashier had threatened to be revenged upon him for the blow he dealt out to him on that occasion.

Mr. Jarvis was much surprised to hear that Sloane had insulted Miss Brougham on the street, and also that he was under the influence of liquor at the time. Sam then went on to tell how he

about what happened that evening!"

"I told him all about it last evening at his house," replied Sam.

and if everything goes right I'll make \$1,000."

Two o'clock came around and Billy passed Sam's desk. He shoved a paper toward his friend

had gone into the Criterion Billiard Parlor, and detailed the interview he had overheard between Sloane and Kirby in one of the private compartments of the place.

"That happened on the evening of the day I signed for the Adams Express envelope of which you found \$100 short. When I went out to lunch I met Kirby at the door and he inquired for Mr. Sloane. I believe he came to the office to ask the cashier to settle his debt of \$100. Judging from the conversation between Mr. Sloane and Kirby, the former had no money to pay him with when he called. At any rate Kirby asked him how he managed to get the \$100. Mr. Sloane replied that something had happened that afternoon by which he got it. That reply and the fact that he paid Kirby the \$100 within my hearing led me to suspect that Mr. Sloane knows how the express envelope came to be just that amount short."

Mr. Jarvis looked startled.

"Do you mean to say you think he broke the seals and abstracted it?"

"I suspect that he did, though there is no real proof against him," replied Sam.

The broker looked very serious. The boy's story was showing the cashier up in an entirely new light. Sam then proceeded to tell how Sloane offered Kirby \$50 to help him in some scheme that would result in his (Sam's) discharge from the office.

"This job worked so successfully on me to-night I believe was hastily conceived and put in practice by Mr. Sloane, with the assistance of Kirby and the man representing himself as Smith, who afterward brought me to my senses and told me the fairy story about saving me from being robbed. This was cleverly executed, for had I come to of my own accord, and found myself alone, it would not have been reasonable for me to find the changed envelope in my possession. Real foot-pads wouldn't do up a person and then go off without cleaning him out. It was a necessary part of the game that I should be made to believe that the men who attacked me had been frightened off before they could go through my clothes. I had no suspicion of the job I am confident worked on me, not even when Mr. Adams found the money \$200 short, until I picked that duplicate envelope up so near the scene of my knock-out. Then like a flash the whole rascally plot unfolded itself to my mind. Now you know everything, Mr. Jarvis, and I leave the case in your hands. I have told you the solemn truth, and you ought to know from my record whether I am to be believed or not."

It was some moments before the broker said anything.

"You have told me a remarkable story, Brewster, and I see no reason to doubt the honesty of your statements. Whether Mr. Sloane is really guilty on the charges you have brought against him is another matter. All I can say to you is that the matter shall be thoroughly investigated. To-morrow I will call on you to repeat your story to my partners. We will then decide what shall be done to solve the problem."

"I have got to turn that altered receipt in to Mr. Sloane first thing in the morning. He will demand an explanation why it is \$200 short. What shall I say?"

"Tell him the money in the envelope was found to be that much short. He will report the matter to me or Mr. Peck. We will attend to it."

"All right, sir, and now I shall go home."

Five minutes later Sam was on the sidewalk, wondering how the matter was going to terminate.

CHAPTER VIII.—Sam's Latest Stock Deal.

Sam was at his desk, and so were the other two clerks at their desks, when Sidney Sloane made his appearance next morning at a quarter-past nine. The cashier opened the safe so the clerks could get their books, and as Sam went for his, Sloan said:

"How about that receipt, Brewster?"

"Here it is," replied Sam, laying it on his desk.

Sloane glanced at it and saw the alteration.

"What does this mean? Why was the receipt altered?" asked Sloane sharply.

"There was only \$625.32 in the envelope and of course Mr. Adams wouldn't sign for more than he got," answered the boy.

"But I gave you \$825.32. You counted it, didn't you?"

"I did."

"And you counted that amount?"

"Yes, and I put it in the envelope and sealed it up."

"How does it happen then that you say Mr. Adams found the amount \$200 short?"

"I couldn't tell you. All I know is he found it so," replied Sam, coolly.

Sam's self-possession under the circumstances surprised Sloane, and, perhaps, made him feel a bit uneasy.

"This is a most extraordinary explanation for you to make. You take \$825 out of the office to hand to our customer, and when you reach his house you discover you are \$200 short, and you appear to have no idea where the \$200 went."

Sam made no reply.

"I shall report the matter to Mr. Peck when he comes in," said the cashier.

Sam got his books, and returned to his desk, as silent as a Sphinx. Sam's calm and indifferent attitude relative to the missing money puzzled Sloane not a little, and secretly alarmed him.

"Can he have any suspicion of the scheme that we worked on him?" he thought. "Is it possible that he recognized me in spite of the mask I wore? Pshaw! It is hardly probable. At any rate he hasn't the slightest clue to connect me with the matter even if he has his suspicions. He may put on a bluff with me, but he'll have his troubles after I have reported the matter to Mr. Peck. If this doesn't result in his discharge from the office, coming as it has on the heels of the express envelope affair, I'll be much surprised."

The cashier then went on with his work. In a little while Mr. Ryder came in. He was the junior partner, who represented the house on the Exchange, and was always the first member of the firm to reach the office in the morning. He attended to the first batch of correspondence, and as soon as he had gone over the mail in his room he sent for Bessie to take dictation.

Shortly after Mr. Ryder's arrival Mr. Jarvis

appeared. Last of all came Mr. Peck, who lived at Montclair, New Jersey. After a while Sloane went in to see the latter gentleman. He showed Mr. Peck the altered receipt and said he could get no explanation from Sam about it.

"Did you give him the correct amount?"

"I did, and he counted it before me and said it was right."

"Very well, send Brewster to me."

The cashier returned to the counting-room and told Sam that Mr. Peck wished to see him in his office. Sam responded at once.

"What about this receipt, Brewster?" asked the broker. "Didn't you receive \$825.32 from Mr. Sloane to take up to Mr. Adams's house, according to my directions?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sam.

"Why didn't you get a receipt for that amount, then?"

"Because there was only \$625.32 in the envelope when I reached Mr. Adam's house."

"How is that?"

"I called on Mr. Jarvis at his house last night on my return from the Bronx and gave him a full explanation. You had better see him about it as the matter is rather a serious one."

Mr. Peck looked hard at Sam.

"Can't you explain the matter to me yourself?"

"I understand that Mr. Jarvis wishes to see you first."

"You can return to your desk. I will go in and see Mr. Jarvis now."

Whatever Jarvis had to say to Peck it did not detain him long in the former's office. Evidently Peck was satisfied to let the thing stand for he did not send for Sam again. Sloane looked fixedly at the boy when he returned to the counting-room, but there was nothing in Sam's demeanor to indicate that he had passed through an unpleasant experience. The cashier was surprised and disconcerted.

The morning passed away and his lunch hour came, but nothing happened. He went out, the other two clerks followed presently, and Sam was left alone in the counting-room. Bessie peeped out of her den and seeing him alone went up to his desk.

"When Mr. Jarvis called me in this morning to take some dictation he asked me if I met Mr. Sloane on — Street, Tuesday evening a week ago," she said. "The question surprised me as I had not said anything about the matter to anybody. It was embarrassing for me to admit that I did meet Mr. Sloane for I could not tell what construction Mr. Jarvis would put on my reply. While I hesitated Mr. Jarvis said that he had been informed that Mr. Sloane had, while somewhat under the influence of liquor, offered me an insult, and he wanted to know if such had really been the case. I admitted that it was. Then he asked me if it was true that you came to my rescue and knocked Mr. Sloane down. I said it was true. One more question he put to me, and that was had I heard Mr. Sloane threaten to have you discharged from the office. I said I heard him make that threat. Mr. Jarvis then said nothing further on the subject, but proceeded to dictate some letters. Now, how did Mr. Jarvis learn about what happened that evening?"

"I told him all about it last evening at his house," replied Sam.

"You did!"

"Yes, and I did it for an important reason which I cannot explain at present, but may later."

"Mr. Sloane, if he hears about it, may think I told Mr. Jarvis after all, notwithstanding his apology and explanation."

"If Mr. Jarvis speaks to him about the affair he will learn that I informed the boss, not you."

Here Sam terminated the conversation and stepped out into the reception room to take a look at the ticker. He was deeply interested in D. & G., which was now ten points higher than the price at which he had bought it through the friendly assistance of Billy Ross, who had been clandestinely acting as his representative at the little bank on Nassau Street where he put his deals through. He had begun to speculate when a messenger, and had been fairly successful so far, having accumulated a credit at the bank of about \$1,200 in the course of his two years' operations. Up to this point he had made no great hauls out of the market, for he had made it a point to sell out at small advances. This plan had proved advantageous to him in the long run, saving him from getting caught by unexpected slumps, but on two or three occasions he missed a large profit by selling out too soon.

When that happened he felt like kicking himself, but on reflection took the matter philosophically, since he had acted on his best judgment, and that was the only safe way he could speculate. As a messenger he looked after his own deals, but when he was promoted to the counting-house he found that impossible, so, having formed a warm friendship with the new boy, Billy, he got that lad to act for him when it was possible. Billy was only too glad to do any favor he could for Sam, and being an uncommonly clever lad he soon got the hang of the market himself, and proved of valuable assistance to the young margin clerk.

Sam having seen with satisfaction that D. & G., which he had speculated in on a tip he got from a friendly broker, was up to par, and as the broker had told him to hold on till he reached 105, he returned to his desk in good humor. The cloud that hung over him in relation to the missing \$200, as well as the probability of his having to make good the \$100 that some one had taken from the express envelope, did not greatly disturb him now that he had made a full statement of the matter to the senior partner. He knew that Mr. Jarvis would surely make a full investigation, and he had hopes that Sidney Sloane would be shown up for the designing schemer he was. The fact that he had shown that the cashier had insulted the stenographer on the street, and the girl had corroborated his story, was bound to hurt that gentleman in the eyes of the firm even if his connection with the more serious charges were not proven. When Sloane returned from lunch, Sam put on his hat and went for his. He dropped in at the little bank on his way back and saw that D. & G. was ruling at 100 7-8.

"I'm a thousand ahead on this deal," he said to himself. "This is the most profitable speculation I've made so far—that is it will be if nothing happens to queer it before I sell out. I shall hang on for 105, on the strength of Mr. Black's tip, and if everything goes right I'll make \$1,500."

Two o'clock came around and Billy passed Sam's desk. He shoved a paper toward his friend

and went on. Sam took it up and read what Billy had written on it. This is what he saw:

"There's a big boom on in D. & G. I've just come from the Exchange. The price is up to 107, and is going up like a house afire."

Sam tore the scrap into fragments and dropped them into the waste basket. He pulled a sheet of paper toward him and wrote an order to the little bank to sell his 100 shares, and signed it. He enclosed the order in an envelope, sealed it and handed it to Billy on his way back.

"As soon as you can, Billy," he whispered.

The boy nodded, put the envelope in his pocket and returned to the waiting room. Shortly afterward Sloane sent him out on an errand. The errand took him into the Exchange. Having put it through, and seen that D. & G. was up to a fraction above 110, he made a bee-line for the little bank and delivered Sam's order to the margin clerk. Twenty minutes later some brokers, allied to the bear interests, began throwing blocks of D. & G. on the market in rapid success. The stock not being sufficiently supported began to fall, and the shorts following up the advantage thus gained, soon succeeded in forcing a slump, and the Exchange was presently almost in a panic. When the Exchange closed at three, D. & G. had fallen 12 points. Sam heard about the slump and having heard nothing from Billy was quite nervous over the fate of his deal. At four o'clock all three partners of the firm were gathered in Mr. Peck's room. Billy was called and told to send Sam in.

"Mr. Jarvis wants to see you in Mr. Peck's room," said Billy, going up to Sam.

"All right," said the young margin clerk. "Did you get my order in in time?" he added in a low tone.

"Sure," replied Billy. "Twenty minutes before the slump."

"You're a brick," said Sam, greatly relieved.

Then he left the counting-room and entered Mr. Peck's room where he found the firm waiting for him.

CHAPTER IX.—Sam and the Little Old Woman of Wall Street.

"Sit down, Brewster, in that chair," said Mr. Jarvis, and repeat the story and all the facts you told me last night at my house."

Sam did so, and his statement was something of a sensation to Mr. Peck and his junior partner, who could scarcely bring themselves to believe that Sidney Sloane was in any way implicated in the rascally transactions Sam as good as laid at his door. Bessie Brougham was sent for, and this time she showed no hesitation in corroborating Sam's story of the insult the cashier had offered her. She added, however, that Sloane had apologized for his conduct, and that she had practically promised not to voluntarily report the matter to the firm. She was asked if Sloane had threatened to get square with Sam for the blow he gave the cashier, and she declared that he had.

"Do you know from your own observation that Brewster and Mr. Sloane have not been on friendly terms prior to the incident in question?" asked Mr. Peck.

"Yes, sir; I have known it for a long time. The

other clerks know it, too," she replied, quite frankly.

"That is all, Miss Brougham," said Peck, and the girl retired.

Sam was asked a number of questions and then dismissed to his desk. The partners then consulted as to the best course to be pursued in the problem before them.

"This is a very serious matter," said Mr. Jarvis, "and we must get at the bottom of it. Mr. Sloane is our most trusted employee. It is necessary to our interests that the suspicions which Brewster's story have given rise to must be disproved or established. Owing to the lack of any direct evidence in the case we have a delicate job on our hands. We must call in a detective—the most astute one the agency can furnish us. With your concurrence I will take charge of the investigation and report to you whatever progress is made toward a clearing up of this unfortunate state of affairs."

His partners nodded their acquiescence.

"While Mr. Sloane's ungentlemanly conduct toward Miss Brougham is a matter foreign to the case that interests us, still it throws a disagreeable side light on the gentleman's character that is not at all to his credit, and one which we cannot consider without disapproval. Taken in connection with the implied charges conveyed by Brewster's story it warrants, in my opinion, a quiet investigation of our cashier's mode of life and habits. A detective accustomed to this line of investigation will best serve our purpose, and such a one I shall employ at once."

Thus speaking the senior partner got up and the conference ended. On the following morning about eleven Sam was called into Mr. Jarvis' room and found a shrewd-looking man talking with the broker.

"Brewster, will you take this gentleman into Mr. Ryder's room. He would like to talk with you," said Mr. Jarvis.

Sam did so, and then the visitor telling the boy that he was a detective, asked him to go over all the facts of the case. The young margin clerk obliged him, and answered frankly all the questions the sleuth put to him. While the boy was telling his story the detective sized him up without appearing to take any special interest in him. Having found out all the lad had to tell the officer took his leave and Sam returned to work.

That afternoon, after business hours, Sam was handed \$200 by the cashier and told to take it up to Mr. Adams. Sloane knew that Sam had been summoned several times into the private offices of the partners, and presumed that the boy had been closely examined with respect to the missing money, but he was rather surprised that the margin clerk did not seem to be the least bit rattled over the matter. He came to the conclusion that the firm was investigating the matter, and had given the boy the benefit of any doubt that existed in their minds.

He did not suspect that a detective had been employed to ferret out the truth; but even if he had he would not have felt greatly disturbed, for he was satisfied that he and his abettors were in no danger of being found out since no one had witnessed the hold-up, and the masks they wore had effectually hidden their identity from their victim. Next day Billy Ross managed to

drop in at the little bank and get Sam's statement of account, with a certificate of deposit for the amount of his credit with the bank.

When Sam looked it over he saw he had cleared \$2,000 on his deal. He was tickled to death at the size of his profit. He did not dream, however, that this was the beginning of a wonderful run of luck for him. Nor did he suspect at that moment that he would shortly sever his connection with the office. During his career as a messenger Sam had often noticed a little old woman of something over sixty years on Wall or Broad streets, and occasionally in New Street and Exchange Place. She had an uncommonly shrewd face, and always the air of one going somewhere on business of importance. She carried a shabby black reticule in her hand at all times, and held on to it with a firm grip.

She was always dressed in black, and her clothes were never in the prevailing fashion, being seemingly of an ancient date. Sam had often wondered who she was, but never found anybody who could enlighten him. He finally came to the conclusion that she was a confirmed stock gambler, who put in her time watching the market when not financially able to speculate herself. This little woman appeared in Wall Street only at certain times, and that was invariably a short time before the market took on a boom. She was never seen when the market was off, and things dull and slack. Hardly anybody, however, had noticed the connection between the woman and the market.

Had the fact attracted the attention of any Wall Street broker, or habitue, he would merely have looked upon it as an old coincidence, for it would take a mighty clever witch (and witches are not supposed to exist any more, if they ever did) to dope out the stock market with unfailing accuracy. On the day that Sam received his settlement with the little bank he was on his way down Broad Street to a lunch house he occasionally patronized. An old messenger friend of his stopped him at the corner of Exchange Place and asked him how things were coming on with him.

"First rate," replied Sam.

As he spoke his eyes wandering across the street discovered this little old woman we have referred to coming along with her reticule in her hand as usual.

"Say, Bob, do you know who that old woman is yonder?" he asked the messenger.

"No, though I've seen her many times," was the reply. "One of the bucket-shop lambs I should imagine who are always looking to make their fortune in Wall Street and never hit the mark."

At that moment an automobile which had been standing a few paces up Exchange Place, suddenly disengaged itself from the curb and started with a sort of rush for Broad Street. The man at the wheel did not notice that the little old woman was in his way. She was small, anyway, and the day was rather a dull one. The old woman herself did not realize her peril for she was thinking of something she had on her mind. All the elements of an impending tragedy presented themselves at that moment, but only two or three persons in the vicinity recognized the fact.

Two of them uttered a warning shout, while the third, Sam himself, wasted no time or breath in such a vain effort, but acted with a promptness

only to be expected of one of nerve and presence of mind. Shoving his messenger friend aside he shot out into the crossing like a projectile from a catapult, grabbed the little old woman in his arms, and—that is all he remembered for several days when he awoke to consciousness in a hospital. He was picked up by two men a dozen feet away from the scene of the accident with the little old woman, startled and shaken up, tightly clasped in his arms.

She was not injured in the least, but Sam—well, he looked as if the coroner would find it necessary to hold an inquest on him. Of course there was great excitement, and a crowd gathered like magic. In the van of the mob was a reporter for a prominent paper who had seen the catastrophe. He was one of the persons who had picked the boy up and disengaged the old woman from his vise-like grasp.

"You're all right, ma'am," he said. "This boy saved your life, but I'm afraid he's lost his own."

"Stand back there, please; stand back!" cried a stalwart policeman, forcing his way to the spot.

The crowd moved back a little, silent and curious.

"Poor boy," said the old woman, who seemed to have regained her composure with remarkable quickness for a woman, knowing that she had astonishing nerves, or was accustomed to self-control under strenuous circumstances. "But for him I would have been killed by that machine which came on me unawares. Who is he?"

"That's Silent Sam, ma'am," said Messenger Bob, to whom the young margin clerk had been talking at the moment he plunged to the woman's aid.

"Silent Sam!" ejaculated the old woman.

"His other name is Brewster, and he works for Jarvis, Peck & Ryder, brokers, of Wall Street."

The reporter asked the woman her name and address. She hesitated and then said: "Mrs. Brown, No. — Madison Avenue."

The policeman took down the same facts from the reporter.

"Now, then," he said to the reporter, "will you help me carry this boy to the nearest drug store?"

"Certainly," replied the newspaperman.

"I will go with you," said the little old woman.

The driver of the auto, who was under arrest, suggested that the boy be placed in his machine. This was done, and the little old woman, finding she was shut out, asked where they were going to take the boy. The policeman told her the place on Broadway, and she followed there on foot. The druggist did what he could for Sam, but declared that the hospital was the place for him, and the quicker he was taken there the better.

"Do you think he will die?" asked the old woman.

"I don't care to hazard an opinion, madam," replied the druggist. "He seems to be badly hurt. If his skull is fractured he will likely die."

The reporter said that instead of ringing up a hospital it would save precious time by rushing him there in the auto. His suggestion was immediately adopted, and Sam, unconscious of what was going on, was whirled away from the drug store at a hot pace.

CHAPTER X.—In The Hospital.

When Sam was carried to the drug store, Messenger Bob made a bee-line for the office of Jarvis, Peck & Ryder. He rushed up to the cashier's window to tell the news.

"Well," said Sidney Sloane, "what do you want?"

"I came to tell you that Sam Brewster, who works here, has just met with an accident."

"What's that?" cried the cashier, pricking up his ears.

Bob repeated the information.

"What happened to him?"

"Hit by an auto."

"Where?"

"Broad Street and Exchange Place."

"Hurt much?" asked Sloane, with a thrill of satisfaction at the news.

"Badly. He's been taken to a drug store on Broadway. He's sure to go to the hospital if he isn't slated for the morgue."

"Then he really is badly hurt?"

"I wouldn't take his chances for a gold mine."

"Mr. Jarvis is in his office. Better go in and tell him."

"Which room?"

"That one," said the cashier, pointing.

Bob started for the door, and Sloane went over to Andrew's desk to tell him the news.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the second bookkeeper, who liked Sam. "You don't mean it!"

"A boy just brought the news, and it must be so."

The other clerk came over to learn what was up, and he was sorry to learn that Sam was badly hurt. He went into the stenographer's room and told her. Bessie gave a little gasp, and when the clerk said that Sam might die she pulled out her handkerchief and began to cry. She thought a whole lot of Sam, and never so much as since he saved her from the cashier that night uptown. The afternoon papers printed an account of the accident, and Bessie choked up when she read it on the way home. It was just like Silent Sam to risk his life for another.

"He's a brave, noble boy," she thought. "It is sad to think that his life is at stake. I do hope he will recover."

The cashier read the story complacently as he rode home. He was the only person in the office who did not feel sorry for the young margin clerk. On the contrary, he was glad that Sam had been bowled over. He did not actually hope that the boy would die, but he wished he might be badly damaged that he could not return to the office. Perhaps he wouldn't have felt so good had he known that the shrewd-looking man who sat facing him in the car was a detective acting under instructions to investigate his movements out of the office. The sleuth, who looked like a prosperous business man, was the keenest shadower connected with the Wall Street Detective Agency, and the case he had in hand was one that called into play his best efforts.

When Sam recovered his senses three days later, the head doctor had already announced to a representative of "Mrs. Brown" that he had a chance for his life. The hospital authorities received word at the start to spare no expense to

save the boy, and the brokerage firm of "Jackson & Newberry" guaranteed to foot the bill. A similar guarantee was received from Jarvis, Peck & Ryder. The first thing Sam saw when he opened his eyes was the white-capped nurse sitting close by; the second a small bouquet of roses, with a tag on which was written the words "From Bessie."

It wasn't until later on that he knew the flowers came from the stenographer, and then he was quite touched by her thoughtfulness and regard. He looked around in surprise at his surroundings. He could not understand how he came to be in bed in that strange room, for he occupied a private one, and had a special nurse in the day and another at night. He had no remembrance of the accident, nor of the rescue he had so gallantly made. When he tried to move he found that he was as weak as a cat. He tried to speak, and his voice had no power to it.

"What happened to me?" he asked.

The nurse shook her head and put her finger to her lips. Blocked in his inquiry, Sam tried to think, but the effort was a failure. So he lay quiet and stared at the ceiling like a young infant. By and by the doctor came in and looked at him.

He heard the nurse say "He is conscious."

The doctor felt of his pulse and looked solemn and wise. Then he consulted a chart pinned against the wall, and noted the patient's temperature taken by the nurse at intervals, and other details indicated by the paper. He took Sam's temperature himself, and after leaving directions with the nurse, went his way. Sam took his nourishment and his medicine in a docile way, and waited patiently for his recollection to get on the job again. He fell asleep before that happened. It was dark and the room was lighted when he opened his eyes again. There was a different young woman in a white cap in the chair, otherwise there was no change in his surroundings. He started to speak again, but the same pantomime cut him short.

"I wonder if——"

But his thoughts would not collect themselves, and he gave up the attempt to whip them into line. His eyes wandered to the flowers and rested on them. He fell asleep looking at them. Next morning he was a great deal better. The first nurse was on duty again and he recognized her.

"Where am I, and what's the matter with me?" he weakly inquired.

She smiled and shook her head. Then he looked at the roses. The nurse smiled again, and brought them to him, holding the tag so that he could see what was written on it.

"From Bessie."

His mind went straight to the office. And then like a flash he remembered his encounter on the corner with Bob, the messenger, the sight of the little old woman in the track of the auto, and his attempt to save her. That was the last thing his mind could grasp. He had no recollection of being struck and hurled a dozen feet into Broad street by the machine. He seemed to understand, however, that his present situation had a direct connection with the auto and the little old woman. All that flashed across his mind as he gazed at the words, "From Bessie."

As the hours passed he grew better, and the doctor, when he came in, nodded encouragingly.

The beauty roses were still in evidence on the table, but there was a bunch of carnations keeping them company now. These were also from Bessie, as Sam soon found out, and the following words were on the tag: "So glad to hear that you are much better—Bessie."

That day he learned what had happened to him.

"And the little old lady—was she badly hurt, too?" he asked.

Before the nurse could answer, the door opened and the little old woman came in, looking not a bit the worse for the shaking up she had received several days before. She spoke to the nurse, and then sitting down by the bedside, took up Sam's hand and pressed it to her lips. That action, and the eloquent look in her shrewd old eyes, softened a bit perhaps now, spoke her gratitude louder than mere words. She stroked the patient's hand, and then his forehead, with a touch so gentle and motherly that Sam regarded her with wonder. So this was a "bucket-shop lamb," as Messenger Bob called her, and he had saved her life. Well, her life was as much to her as if she was the first lady in the land, and Sam felt rewarded by the magnetic touch of her hand. How could he know that the fingers that caressed his hair were strange to that business? That they were more accustomed to clipping coupons from \$1,000 bonds, and signing checks for large sums? How could he, indeed, when she looked as if the possession of a \$100 note would have been a novelty to her?

Sentiment had long been a foreign word to her, yet it had not been dead within her, only sleeping, and her face at that moment expressed it as she gazed at the brave boy who had taken his life in his hands to save hers.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world akin," and that touch the young margin clerk had stirred into life in the little old woman, and for the time being she was not, as she was known to her brokers, "Elizabeth Brown, financier and millionaire operator," but plain Mrs. Brown, widow of Madison avenue. Ten minutes afterward she was gone, but Sam thought of her until he went to sleep.

CHAPTER XI.—The Chance Of His Life.

"Why, hello, Sam! Upon my word, I'm glad to see you on your pins again," exclaimed Andrews, as the young margin clerk walked into the office a month from the day he met with the accident. The speaker evidently meant what he said, and he shook the boy's hand warmly.

"Thanks," replied Sam; "and I'm glad to be around again. They told me at the hospital that it was tough with me at one time, but they pulled me through, and here I am almost ready to take up my work again."

"Come right inside and see Jones and Miss Brougham. They'll be tickled to death to see you," and Andrews held the brass gate open for him to pass through.

Sam looked at the cashier's desk, but Sloane wasn't there. The books were open on his desk, so the boy guessed he wasn't far off. Jones came up and shook hands with him, and said how glad he was to see him, too. Sam noticed that Jones had been working at the desk where he remembered Andrews had always stood, and there was

a strange young man at his own desk. Jones' desk was unoccupied.

"I suppose you've heard the news, old man?" said Jones, in a cheerful tone.

"What news do you refer to?" asked Sam.

"That Andrews is our cashier."

"No, is that so? I congratulate you on your advancement, Mr. Andrews."

"Thank you," smiled Andrews.

"Did Mr. Sloane leave, then?" asked Sam.

"He did, though not exactly voluntarily."

"Was he discharged?"

"His services were dispensed with for the good of the office."

"Well," said Sam, "I can't say that I'm greatly surprised. I'll step in and see Miss Brougham a minute if you don't mind, Mr. Andrews."

"Go right in, old man—don't ask my permission," and the new cashier returned to his desk.

"Mr. Brewster!" exclaimed the girl. "I'm so glad to see you around again."

"Thanks, Miss Bessie. I'm glad to be around again myself. It was kind of you to visit me at the hospital, and I've already told you what I thought of your thoughtfulness in sending me so many floral remembrances. I'll never forget them, nor the fact that almost the first thing I saw when I regained consciousness after the accident was the first bunch of roses you sent. I have them yet, though they are withered and dead, and I wouldn't part with them for many times their weight in gold, for those roses, or rather the tag 'From Bessie,' first awakened my memory and made me understand what was a blank before."

"I hope you are feeling almost your old self," she said, with a shy glance at his face.

"Almost, Miss Bessie. I'll be all right in a day or so. Now I must go in and see Mr. Jarvis, if he's in."

"He was in a few minutes ago," she answered.

As Sam returned to the reception room, Billy, who had just come in, caught sight of him, and made a break for him.

"Gee, boss, I'm glad to see you," he said, shaking Sam's hand. "My old woman nearly had a fit when she heard you were run down by that auto and taken to the hospital. When she read in the paper that the doctors could not say whether they could save you or not, she flung her apron over her head and cried like a kid. Honest, she did, and mebbe I did, too."

Sam was much touched by this evidence of the kind feeling that Billy and his widowed mother entertained for him, and he wrung the messenger's hand so hard that the boy wondered if there would be anything left of his fingers.

Broker Jarvis was delighted to see his margin clerk around once more, and congratulated him upon having cheated the undertaker out of a job.

"You had a close call, Brewster, but all's well that ends well."

"Yes, sir. I feel pretty good now, and am ready to go to work to-morrow if you say so," replied Sam.

"No need of rushing matters. Monday will be time enough for you to resume your duties. Have you been in the counting-room?"

"Yes, sir."

"You observed a change there."

"Yes, sir. I see that Mr. Andrews has taken

Mr. Sloane's place, and that Jones appears to have been promoted."

"Quite right. The investigation we had made of Mr. Sloane's private character and habits convinced us that he was not just the person we cared to have in the office, especially in such a confidential capacity as cashier, so I asked him for his resignation. As to the charges you brought against him, they have not been sustained by any evidence the detective could secure, but nevertheless his report intimates that in his opinion Sloane and his friend Kirby, with the help of an unknown third party, were at the bottom of the attack made upon you. We accepted his conclusions, and this was another reason why we could not keep Sloane any longer in our employ."

Sam bowed but said nothing.

"On Monday, if you feel in shape to come to work, you will take Jones' desk, and familiarize yourself with the work he attended to before we advanced him. You will receive the same pay he did. The new man, a nephew of Mr. Peck's, is now looking after the marginal business."

Mr. Peck came in while they were talking, shook hands with Sam, and asked him how he felt. On his way home he met Mr. Ryder downstairs, and that gentleman congratulated him on his recovery. After his lunch that afternoon he went uptown to call on Mrs. Brown, in accordance with a promise he made her the last time she called to see him at the hospital. The address given by the little old woman of Wall Street was in a quietly swell neighborhood, and when Sam reached the number he was astonished to see that it was one of the best houses in the block—four stories, a basement and a high stoop.

"I wonder what position she occupies in this house?" he asked himself as he walked up the steps. "I guess she must be the housekeeper."

He gave the bell a vigorous pull, but it was some minutes before a starchified looking man opened the door and looked at him inquiringly.

"I would like to see Mrs. Brown," said Sam.

"May I hawsk your business?" asked the man, rather icily.

"Mrs. Brown asked me to call on her as soon as I got out of the hospital."

"Hindeed! 'Ave you a card?"

"No. My name is Samuel Brewster."

"Haw! I will see hif Mrs. Brown his hat 'ome."

He shut the door, leaving Sam to cool his heels on the stoop. He was gone some moments, but when he came back there was a wonderful change in his demeanor.

"Walk hin, Mr. Brewster," he said with a bow so deferential that Sam looked at him in surprise. "Hi hawsk your pardon for keeping you houtside. Quite a mistake, hi assure you. Follow me hupstairs."

Sam followed him and the man led him to the door of the front room on the second floor. Throwing it open he stood as stiff as a ramrod at one side.

"Mr. Brewster, ma'am," he said.

Sam walked into a large room with a high ceiling, handsomely decorated in blue and gold, and furnished with a quiet elegance that took his breath away. The servant, who filled the position of butler in the house, closed the door behind him and vanished. Seated at a writing-desk beside one of the windows was the little old woman of

Wall Street, in a soft, clinging wrapper of Japanese silk. Her gray hair was nicely arranged under a lace cap. From her ears hung two large diamonds of great value, while another sparkled on one of her fingers. Everything about her and her surroundings spoke of wealth.

Sam stopped and stared at her in amazement. It was the little old woman's face, but otherwise there was nothing about her to remind him of the person whose life he had saved. The lady rose from her chair and advanced with a smile to meet him.

"My dear boy," she said, "I am more than delighted to see you looking so well after your hospital experience."

"Are you really Mrs. Brown?" blurted Sam, taking the hand she proffered him with the grace of a Hebe.

"I am really the lady you saved at the risk of your life."

"I should hardly have recognized you, replied Sam.

"That is because you have only seen me in Wall Street and at the hospital. In my own house I am quite a different woman," she said.

"You certainly look very different to me. I have often seen you in the financial district when I was a messenger. I wondered if you were one of those confirmed lamb speculators who had acquired the habit of watching the market whether you had money to risk or not. Excuse me for saying that you never looked prosperous enough to me to be much of a speculator."

The lady laughed and led Sam to a gilt chair beside her desk.

"You cannot always judge a book by its cover," she said. "I have special reasons for appearing in Wall Street as you have seen me. This secret I have decided to share with you, believing that you will keep it to yourself. While you were in the hospital I made it my business to learn as much about you as I could, and I think I know you pretty well."

"I am sure you found out nothing that I need be ashamed of," said Sam.

"I did not expect to, and was not disappointed. You have been four years with Jarvis, Peck & Ryder, three of which you served as messenger for the firm."

"That is right."

"A year ago you were promoted to the counting-room."

Sam nodded.

"Your employers consider you a young man of great promise."

"I am glad to hear it. Have you been speaking to one of them?"

"No, but the person I employed to look you up interviewed Mr. Jarvis."

Sam smiled.

"A still tongue, they say, indicates a wise head. From the information at my command I believe you have lived up to your appellation of 'Silent Sam of Wall Street,' since it appears that you know how to hold your tongue about business matters. Were you not that kind of boy I would hesitate about taking you into my confidence. I would adopt other means of rewarding you for the great service you have rendered me."

"I don't want any reward, Mrs. Brown, nor will I accept it if you offer it. The knowledge that I

was the means of saving you from great peril is sufficient to repay me for the risk I took and what it led to," replied Sam, earnestly. The fact that you appear to be well off instead of poor, as I supposed you were, makes no difference to me."

The little old lady regarded Sam with approving eyes.

"Very well," she said, "we will not talk about rewarding you. You have won my life-long gratitude, and I shall never forget the obligation I am under to you. Now, if you please, I should like to talk business with you."

"Business!" exclaimed Sam, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes," answered the little old lady with a change in tone and manner. Mrs. Brown, widow, had merged into Elizabeth Brown, financier and operator.

"To begin with," she went on, picking up an ivory paper knife and tapping her desk with it, "I shall want you to resign your position with Jarvis, Peck & Ryder at once."

"Resign my position!" ejaculated Sam, astonished at her request.

"Precisely. I propose to employ you myself."

"You wish to employ me?"

"That is what I said, and I never waste words."

"But I have been promoted to a better position at more wages."

"That makes no difference. Your income and prospects with me are not to be compared with anything your present employers can offer you."

"Have you an office in Wall Street?"

"I have just taken one."

"In what capacity do you wish to employ me?"

"As my confidential agent."

"And your business?"

"Financial and speculative."

"Then you loan money and speculate in the market?"

"I finance good propositions when they appeal to my business sagacity, and I buy stock occasionally when the indications foreshadow a rising market."

"And you wish me to assist you?"

"I intend that you shall act as my representative in financial matters and as my broker in stock transactions—in both cases on a commission that should prove very lucrative to you. You will have some idea of my operations when I tell you that a deal involving from one to five millions is no uncommon one for me to engage in. For some time past I have done my business through Jackson & Newberry, but for good and sufficient reasons I am going to make a change. I have been considering this change for some time, but could not see my way clear to do it. Wall Street does not know me, except possibly as the little old woman with the reticule—one of the lamb tribe who furnish pickings for the brokers, and when plucked are still attracted to the Street by the fever which cannot be quenched—and I have no wish to become an asset for the newspaper financial columns. Apart from the fact that you saved my life, I became interested in you when I heard you were called 'Silent Sam of Wall Street.' The moment I heard you were out of danger I decided to study you, and to that end I first had you thoroughly investigated. Then I visited you regularly at the hospital. I have decided that you are the person most suited to my purpose, hence my offer."

"You astonish me, Mrs. Brown. I had no idea——"

"Of course you hadn't—how could you? Even now you have only my word for what I have told you. To prove to you that when I operate on the market it is on a large scale, and that my business is very profitable to Jackson & Newberry, let me show you a few of their statements of account."

From a pigeon-hole she pulled some papers and handed them to Sam to examine. His experience as a broker's clerk enabled him to instantly form an estimate of the little old lady's operations.

"I have an office in your name for the balance of the business year, subject to renewal. You will take possession of it, furnish it to suit your own taste, and have your name painted on the door of the outer office. The inner room you will provide with a desk, a rug and an indicator for my use. If I want anything else I will provide it myself. Our relations will be purely on a business basis. I will loan you an ample sum with which to start, which you will repay out of your profits. You see I am taking it for granted that you will accept my proposition."

"I do accept it," replied Sam, promptly, "and will send in my resignation to Jarvis, Peck & Ryder tomorrow. As to you advancing me money to start with, I guess that will be unnecessary. I have a certificate of deposit on the little bank in Nassau Street for \$3,200. I fancy that will carry me."

"I am glad to hear it. Your office is in the Star Building. Call on the agent in the morning and introduce yourself. There is the receipt for the first month's rent which you can credit me with on your books when you open them. You will need a stenographer and errand boy. Both must be trustworthy, the stenographer particularly so. You must find the right one. Her wages should be a matter of secondary consideration."

"I know the right one if I could get her."

"What is to prevent you?"

"She is already employed."

"Offer her an inducement and a guarantee."

"I will. And the right boy I can get. He is not a beauty, nor well educated, but he is true blue, and devoted to me."

"Secure these two employees at once. You will see me Saturday morning at your office."

"That is all you wish to say for the present, I suppose?" said Sam.

"That is all. You understand what I expect of you—silence and fidelity. Your reward will be golden."

When Sam left Mrs. Brown's residence he was conscious that life had changed for him. He felt almost as if he were another person. The opportunity of his life had come and he intended to make the most of it.

"Some day I shall be a millionaire," he said, as he walked down the street.

CHAPTER XII.—Sam Starts For Himself.

Next morning Sam called on the agent of the Star Building and took possession of his office. After looking the two rooms over he made a memorandum of what he wanted for the outer office, adding the rug and desk for the inner room, and

went to an office furnishing house in Nassau Street and left his order. Then he arranged for ticker service. The telephone went with the office. He arranged with a painter to call on Saturday to put his name on the door. After that he subscribed for several financial dailies as well as for the daily stock report. After lunch he went around to Jarvis, Peck & Ryder's.

"Mr. Jarvis in, Billy?" he asked.

"Sure thing. Go in. He's not engaged," replied Billy.

The senior partner was glad to see him. He was unprepared, however, for the surprise that Sam had in store for him. He looked at the boy in astonishment when he tendered his resignation.

Sam told him that he was going into business for himself in Wall Street, but offered no further explanation. When Billy started for home at half-past three he found Sam downstairs.

"Billy," said Sam, "I'm going in business for myself, and I want you to come and work for me. I'll give you the same pay you're getting upstairs."

"You're foolin', ain't you, boss?" cried the surprised youth.

"No. I want you to come, because I need a boy I can trust. I'll guarantee you won't regret accepting my offer."

"When do you want me?"

"A week from next Monday. Put in your resignation on Saturday."

Billy said he would, for anything that Sam said went with him. At five o'clock Sam was back again waiting for Bessie.

"May I walk up to the bridge with you, Miss Bessie?" he asked when he intercepted her.

"Why, of course you may," she replied, with a smile.

"Now I'm going to spring a surprise on you," he said as they started for Nassau Street.

"A surprise!"

"Yes, I've resigned from the office."

"You haven't," she replied incredulously.

"I have. I saw Mr. Jarvis today."

The news didn't seem to please the girl a bit.

"Why are you going to leave?"

"To better myself. I'm going in business on my own hook."

"Are you, really? In Wall Street?"

"Yes. The chance of my life presented itself and I grabbed it."

"Well, I'm glad you are getting ahead so fast."

"How glad are you?"

"Oh, very glad indeed."

"Would you like to help me?"

"Help you? How can I?"

"Easily. It is absolutely necessary that I should have a stenographer that I can place implicit confidence in. I want you to come with me. I'll give you three dollars more than you're getting now, and guarantee you a good position."

Bessie was surprised at his proposition, but after some talk between them she said she would speak to her mother about it. Sam assured her that the change would be to her advantage, and that it would mean more for him than he could explain to her. She promised to give him her answer next day. Sam knew that Bessie would like to work for him, but he feared her mother would object to her making the change, as her position with Jarvis, Peck & Ryder was a good

one, though the work was hard. Bessie thought the matter over all the way home, and then argued the matter with her mother, who did not oppose the change. Finally the girl having decided that she would work for Sam, won her mother over, and so Brewster was delighted next day to receive an affirmative answer from her. Next day she handed in her resignation to Mr. Jarvis, the same to take effect a week from Saturday. The broker was surprised and asked her the reason. She told him she was going to work for Sam Brewster.

Mr. Jarvis was astonished and tried to convince her that it wouldn't be to her best interests to make the change, but was unable to shake her decision. The third surprise the broker got on Saturday when Billy announced his intention to quit on the following Saturday, too. It was such an unusual thing for three persons, all holding good steady jobs, to resign almost together, that Broker Jarvis and his partners hardly knew what to make of it. The only thing they could do was to make arrangements to fill the places of the seceders.

The little old woman of Wall Street turned up at Sam's office at eleven o'clock Saturday morning, held a short conference with her new representative and broker, and then went away. She told Sam that hereafter she would visit the Street much more frequently than she had been accustomed to, as she had of late acquired business interests that needed looking after. She further told him that he was not restricted to her business, and was at liberty to attend to any other business he could get, but that hers must take precedence. He did not see her at all during the following week. Having nothing to do he devoted his time to watching the market.

On Thursday, he noticed that O. & H. stock was going up. He dropped in on his friend, Broker Black, and asked him what he thought about it.

"It's a good thing to go into if you can watch it and be prepared to sell out quick," replied the trader.

"Then buy me 300 shares on margin. Here is \$3,000 I brought along to put up in case I decided to go in," said Sam.

After the deal was concluded Sam said he had gone into business in the Star Building.

"Call in and see me some time," he added.

"I will," said Black. "If I can do anything to help you along let me know."

Black bought the O. & H. shares at 82, and notified Sam to that effect. On Saturday afternoon, after they left their office for good, Bessie and Billy called in on Sam to see their new quarters.

"You'll find your jobs sinecures for awhile, at any rate; but don't you mind, your wages will turn up on Saturday with unfailing regularity," said Sam.

On Monday morning they both turned up at the regular time. At eleven Elizabeth Brown appeared and Sam introduced Bessie and Billy to her. Both had directions to comply with any instructions they received from her. Sam accompanied the little old woman inside her room and shut the door.

"I shall use your stenographer presently for some dictation. First, however, I want you to take an order from me. You are to go around among the brokers and buy for my account as many

shares of O. & H. as you can get at the market, or a little above it, up to 15,000. Stop if you manage to secure that amount. Have all stock delivered C. O. D. at the Wall Street National Bank, which has orders to pay for 15,000 shares on presentation of the certificates. You will charge me the usual one-eighth of one per cent. for buying. You had better start out at once for there are other brokers out on the same mission I have given you. Now send the young lady in to me," said Elizabeth Brown.

With the chance to make \$1,875 in commission if he filled the little old woman's order in full, Sam started out to buy the stock. He hustled steadily until four o'clock, and by that time he had bought 12,000 shares, and ordered the same delivered at the bank. Then he took a light lunch at three, but Bessie was watching the place. She told Sam she had written six letters for Mrs. Brown, only one of which she had signed, and had Billy to deliver.

"The others you are to sign yourself and mail. I have made duplicate copies of them for you to read and file away for reference," said Bessie.

"All right," replied the boy. "You can go home now, Bessie."

Sam signed the five letters and placed them in their envelopes, which he stamped. The duplicate copies he read and placed in his safe.

"There is evidently something in the wind concerning O. & H., and I made no mistake in buying those 300 shares myself," thought Sam as he prepared to go home. "I had the hardest kind of work getting hold of the 12,000. The stock is evidently getting very scarce. I shall find it twice as hard to-morrow to find the balance I am after, though it is only 3,000 shares. I mean to get them, however, if they're to be found in the Street. I must show Mrs. Brown that I can attend to her business as well as any experienced broker. She evidently believes in me, and I must make good. For my first actual business day I've done pretty well financially, for I've earned \$1,500, and that represents a good many weeks' salary in my old job."

Thus speaking, Sam put on his hat, locked up and went home.

CHAPTER XIII.—In A Desperate Strait.

It took Sam all of next day to find the 3,000 shares of O. & H. he wanted to complete Mrs. Brown's order, and he had to give in some cases a point above the market price to get it. Notwithstanding its apparent scarceness, the price had not advanced much at the Exchange since Sam bought his shares. Prior to that it had been rising right along, but for some reason it had come to an anchor around 84. But for the fact that the little old woman had gone heavily into the stock Sam would doubtless have sold at the two-point advance. As soon as he had filled the order he notified Mrs. Brown by letter, sent by Billy, that the 15,000 had been purchased and delivered at the bank.

That afternoon O. & H. got active again and went to 86. At the end of the week it was up to 90. Saturday at eleven the little old woman made her appearance again and remained in her room watching the tape of the ticker. She asked Sam to make out his statement for the O. & H. purchase.

When he handed it to her she gave her check for \$1,875. Soon afterward she went home after telling Sam she would be down Monday.

"It seems like a shame to take eighteen dollars for the little work I have done this week," said Bessie, when Sam paid her.

"Like picking up money, isn't it?" he replied.

"It is indeed."

"Don't let the matter disturb you. It is worth \$18 a week to me to have a stenographer in whom I can place absolute confidence. In fact it is worth a great deal more than that. Now you can go home."

"Gee, boss, this job is a reg'lar snap," said Billy, for you can't tell when business will get so lively that you'll need a pair of seven-league boots in order to get around."

"What kind of boots are they? Never heard of them."

"Ask your night-school teacher to tell you. Now we'll close up."

Next week was a stirring one in Wall Street, for on Tuesday O. & H. took on a boom and went up like a sky rocket. Other stocks advanced with it. Sam determined to make hay while the sun shone, and he bought 200 shares of L. & M. at 75. When the Exchange closed Friday his O. & H. was ruling at 103, and his L. & M. was up to 85. His profit in sight was \$8,000, which showed that Fortune was smiling on him. Sam was surprised to see the little old woman come in at half-past nine the next morning. She called Sam inside.

"I am going to sell all my O. & H. today," she said to him.

"You stand to make considerable at the present market," he said.

"That's what I'm in business for," she said incisively. "I have decided to sell through your late employers, Jarvis, Peck & Ryder. Of course, I shall not be identified with the matter. I look to you to carry out my directions. You can arrange with Mr. Jarvis for a fair percentage of the commission in consideration of putting the order in his way."

"I guess I can do that all right," said Sam cheerfully.

Elizabeth Brown then gave him directions how she wanted the stock sold. Sam went up the street to see Mr. Jarvis. That gentleman was in and accorded him an immediate interview.

"How are you getting on, Mr. Brewster?" he inquired.

"First rate, sir."

"I supposed you were when you can afford a high-priced stenographer. I feared you intended to depopulate our office altogether."

"No fear of that, sir. I wanted Miss Brougham because I knew her, and I took Billy for the same reason. Now I have come to give you an order, and I would like to make something out of it, for I'm not in business for fun."

"We'll make that all right with you. Are you going to do some speculating on your own hook?"

"No, sir; I have 15,000 shares of O. & H. to sell for one of my customers."

"Fifteen thousand, eh?" ejaculated Mr. Jarvis, surprised at the size of Sam's order.

"Yes, sir, and I want it sold in blocks of 1,000 to 3,000."

"How about delivery?"

"Here is my order on the Wall Street National for the stock."

"All right. I'll have the matter attended to right away."

That closed the interview and Sam lost no time in getting around to the office of his friend, Broker Black, whom he ordered to close out his 300 shares at the market. He also told him to sell his 200 L. & M. at the same time. Black was just going over to the Exchange, and when he got there he sold Sam's shares at a united profit of \$9,000. for the boy. Mr. Ryder got his instructions from Jarvis and disposed of Mrs. Brown's stock before the Exchange closed at noon. When Sam got his check and statement of account on that deal he saw that the little old woman had cleared \$190,000 profit.

The check made out to Sam footed up something over one million and a half, and this he indorsed and leposited in the Wall Street National Bank to the credit of Elizabeth Brown. Jarvis, Peck & Ryder also sent him a check for about \$500 for his share of the commission earned out of the transaction. By that time the market had experienced a slump, and prices of all stock went down to their normal level. Sam, however, seemed to have landed in a streak of luck, for he found out about that time that a well-known syndicate was beginning to form a corner in A. & D. He rushed around to his friend Black and told him to buy for his account on margin 1,000 shares of it. He got it at the ground floor price of 67. That evening he called at Mrs. Brown's home to let her in on the tip, but was told she had gone out of town for a few days.

He got her address and sent her word about the corner in question. That brought her to his office. After an interview with Sam, she ordered him to buy her any part of 10,000 shares, and to pay two points above the market if necessary. She then went to her bank to arrange for its acceptance on delivery. When Sam got down to work on the job he could hardly find any of the stock. During the few days lost in communicating with Mrs. Brown the brokers of the syndicate had corraled about all that was on the market, and effected the corner in it. The best Sam could do was to get 2,000 shares for the little old woman. Ten days later A. & D. had the market in a turmoil and was going at 90.

Sam sold his 1,000 shares at a profit of \$23,000, and the old lady made about \$60,000 on hers. She immediately presented Sam with her check for \$10,000 in consideration of the tip, and returned to the country. Sam was almost staggered by his good fortune since he had opened up for himself, for he was now worth \$57,000 in cash. No one but himself knew how well off he had so suddenly become, not even his aunt, for he was as close about his own business as he was about his business relationship with Elizabeth Brown.

"That's too much money for me to keep around the office," he mused as he counted up the bills. "I dare say it would be all right enough in my safe, for Wall Street is pretty well protected these days, and one don't hear of crooks cleaning out an office in these skyscrapers. Still when you can hire a box in a safe deposit vault at a reasonable price it is wise, in my opinion, to put my money where it will be surrounded by all the safeguards of modern ingenuity."

So he took his cash, all but \$2,300, around to a nearby vault, hired a box and put it in it.

As matters turned out it was a fortunate move on his part. He didn't know that he had been watched for many days by his old enemy Sidney Sloane, who laid his discharge to the boy and thirsted for revenge. Sloane's financial straits had made him desperate, and he didn't care much what chances he took in an effort to raise the wind. He chummed in with the man who had helped him to do up Sam on the night he carried the eight hundred odd dollars to Mr. Adams. This chap was a professional crook and a particular friend of Prentice Kirby, the sport, who had introduced him to Sloane for the purpose shown.

His name was Brady, and through him the ex-cashier made the acquaintance of other men whose records were known to the police. They pretended to sympathize with Sloane in his hard luck while they figured how they could make use of him in furthering their own ends. Sloane discovered to his astonishment that Sam Brewster had gone into business for himself, and he wondered where he had got the money from to make his start. He had a great contempt for the boy's business ability, but he found out through his Wall Street acquaintances that Sam was doing well. He learned that Bessie Brougham and Billy Ross were working for Sam, and that indicated that he must be doing business.

Knowing that Sam was under age and, therefore, could not legally keep a business bank account, he came to the conclusion that the boy kept his money in the office safe. He wondered if he and his friend Brady could manage to rob the boy somehow. He talked it over with the crook, and Brady brought a friend forward to help in the conference. It was decided that the only way the job could be pulled off was in the daytime about the close of business hours. Brady was deputed to watch Sam's office and see when his help went home, and note how long Sam remained alone in his office afterward. He put in a week at this and learned enough to satisfy himself and the other two that the plan was feasible.

One afternoon two weeks after Sam had cleaned up the thirty odd thousand on A. & D. he got wind of another contemplated boom in the market. This time the stock was N. & O., and he sent a note to Mrs. Brown by Billy, asking her if he could call that evening and tell her about another tip he had got on to. Billy was to return with an answer from the little old woman, and Sam sat alone in his office, after Bessie's departure, waiting for Billy to get back. The door opened, and three men, who had adjusted masks to their faces out in the deserted corridor, walked in, and before Sam could grasp the situation they laid hold of him in a rough way, and gagged him so he could not cry out. The three masked men bound Sam's arms behind him.

A noosed rope was put around his neck, one end was slipped around a coil of the radiator, and one of the villains began to pull the line. The boy began to choke.

"Now," said Brady, who acted as leader in the proceedings, "give us the combination of the safe or we'll show you how it feels to have your breath choked off altogether."

Sam gasped for air, but otherwise made no

like to work for him, but he feared her mother would object to her making the change, as her position with Jarvis, Peck & Ryder was a good

some dictation. First, however, I want you to take an order from me. You are to go around among the brokers and buy for my account as many

sign that he was willing to comply with the demand made upon him by his chief captor.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

The rascal gave the line another pull, and Sam's face began to turn purple from the pressure of his windpipe. At that moment there were steps coming toward the office in the corridor outside. They stopped in front of the door and the handle was turned. Brady held up his hand for silence, at the same time easing up the strain on Sam's neck. The person outside was Billy, who had just returned with his answer. He was surprised to find the door locked, for Sam had told him he would wait for him. Finally he knocked. Sam had recognized Billy's footsteps and had heard him try the door. If he only could cry out he believed Billy would instantly conclude that there was something wrong. That, however, was impossible.

At that moment Billy knocked. Then it was that Sam thought of a way to attract the youth's attention. His legs were not secured in any way. Quick as a flash he bent one leg and kicked his heel heavily against the radiator, sending forth a loud, metallic sound. Brady's crook associate jumped forward and caught Sam's foot. The damage had been done, however. Billy looked through the keyhole and was able to take in the situation. Instead of pounding on the door and shouting out to the rascals inside, he walked away toward the elevator, as if he had taken his departure. He caught a descending elevator, and on the way down told the man in charge that three masked men were in Brewster's office choking him with a rope.

On reaching the ground floor the janitor was found in the corridor. Billy told him the situation. Two of the other elevator men were called up, as well as an attendant, and the party, with Billy, was rushed upstairs. Stopping at the right floor the five men and Billy marched on tiptoe to Sam's office, and the janitor peeped through the keyhole. Sam had given up the combination to save his life, or at any rate to secure relief from the torture of slow suffocation, and Sidney Sloane had opened the safe. He was in the act of helping himself to the \$2,300 in the cash box when the janitor, taking a revolver from his pocket, shattered the glass half of the door at one blow, revealing the interior of the room to those with him.

The startled rascals turned around to find themselves covered by the janitor's revolver.

"Hold up your hands, all of you, or I'll fire," cried the janitor in a resolute tone.

Brady dropped the end of the rope that held Sam, and the young man rushed to the door. Billy put his hand through the broken pane and turned the key. Then one of the elevator men pushed the door open.

"Surrender, you rascals!" cried the janitor.

Brady put his hand to his hip pocket. The janitor pulled the trigger and Brady fell with a broken shoulder blade, and lay writhing on the floor in great agony. The other two, seeing they had no chance to escape, gave up. Billy released Sam's arm and he rushed up to the men and pulled the mask off their faces. Sidney Sloane stood revealed as one to the boy's astonishment. One of the elevator men took up the telephone on Sam's desk and communicated with the police.

While he was thus employed, the janitor took the hope the rascals had used on Sam and bound Sloane and the other crook together. Tearing the mask from the wounded man's face, Sam recognized Brady as the chap who had passed himself off on him as "Smith" the night he was held up in the Bronx. In due time a patrol wagon came around to the building bringing several policemen.

They took charge of Sloane and his two associates, and carried them off to the station, where they were charged with burglary and murderous assault.

At their examination next day they were held for the action of the Grand Jury, and that body of inquisitors in due time handed down an indictment against them, on which they were tried, convicted, and sent to Sing Sing for a term of years.

In the meantime Sam expressed his gratitude to Billy for saving him from being robbed, and presented the youth with \$250 as an evidence of his appreciation. Next day Sam bought 4,000 shares of N. & O. at 92, and purchased 10,000 shares for the little old woman. Two weeks later Sam sold his own and Mrs. Brown's shares at a profit of \$18.50 a share. That raised the boy's capital to \$120,000, in addition to which he received \$10,000 from Elizabeth Brown for the tip, besides his commission on the purchase. As time went on Bessie got more and more work to do, and Billy ornamented his chair less and less every day. Sam could hardly believe that he was worth nearly \$140,000, all made in such a short time, but the evidence was in his safe-deposit box, and he could go there and count it over any time he wanted to. Of late he had become quite attentive to Bessie, often walking with her to the bridge after office hours. Finally, one Saturday, when he had kept her an hour overtime doing some special work that had to be done, and they

were alone together, he asked her if she would marry him some day in the near future.

She was not taken by surprise, because woman-like, she had seen how his feelings were trending, and as she had learned to love him dearly, her answer was "Yes."

On the following week Sam had further evidence that he was still riding on the top of the flood which leads to fortune. The little old woman tipped him off to the coming consolidation of two roads, which was bound to send up the value of the stock of the lesser one. The name of this road was the J. & C. Sam bought 10,000 shares of it for himself, and 20,000 for Mrs. Brown.

He cleared \$125,000 out of the deal, and then he realized that he was worth a quarter of a million. We might go on detailing how Sam eventually made the million he looked for, but our space prevents that. He not only made the million, but to-day he is worth several millions, the foundation of which he laid to his connection with the little old woman of Wall Street, many years dead, and laid away under a handsome tombstone in Woodlawn. Sam and his wife Bessie visit the old lady's grave at intervals, for he looks upon that visit as a duty due her for what she did for him.

Next week's issue will contain "ALWAYS ON THE MOVE: OR, THE LUCK OF MESSENGER 99."

CLEAN BOOKS BILL IS UP AGAIN

The so-called Clean Books Bill popped into the Legislature recently all unannounced. It was sponsored by Assemblyman Gedney, who was author of the measure last year.

Word for word, the bill is the same as it was last year, containing this provision, which was assailed at committee discussion:

"Whether the matter set out in the indictment constitutes an offense against this section shall, upon trial, be a question of fact to be decided by the trier or triers unless reasonable minds would not differ as to the lawful character of the matter."

A definition of what it obscene is set up in the bill. It would be anything "to deprave or corrupt those whose minds are open enough to such immoral influence and who might come in contact with it."

Charges against a publication may be based on the whole publication or on any part of it, according to another provision. During a trial any parts of a publication not mentioned in an indictment may be received in evidence if considered relevant to the issue.

"The present system makes morality a matter of geography," Mr. Williams said in pointing out that the law permits the sale of books in Cambridge which have been banned in Boston.

Three bills relating to the suppression of indecent literature were considered during the hearing, which was held by the Committee on Legal Affairs. One, introduced by Representative Sawyer, called for the appointment of a commission to study the book situation. The second, that of the Boston book merchants, called for an amendment of the enforcement provisions of the existing law, and the third, petitioned by Ellery Sedgwick, called for punishment by imprisonment and fine, of any one printing, distributing or possessing an indecent book or image.

STATUE OF LIBERTY TO BE CLEANED

The Statue of Liberty, that immense woman on Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor who has stoically welcomed entrants forty-two years without having once complained about a new dress or the weather, will receive a cleaning this spring. The announcement was made recently by the National Patriotic League at No. 105 Hudson Street.

Col. Alexander Williams of the War Department, in charge of the Statue, is studying plans for the enterprise and expects to have them ready by early spring. Since its unveiling, October 28, 1886, it has suffered from the corrosive effects of the weather and smoke from the surrounding shores, and is streaked from torch to base with incrustations of dirt.

A plan suggested, but not yet adopted, would have the statue washed with minute beads of soap which will dissolve instantly on contact with water, form super-suds and remove the dirt. This plan, it is said, will not harm the natural weather-green of the bronze which is one of the statue's most attractive assets.

The Statue of Liberty was first proposed by a group of prominent Frenchmen, shortly after the Franco-German war. Frederic August Bartholdi, a sculptor in the group was assigned to do the work. The French raised a fund and in the United States, by the aid of The World, \$300,000 was contributed for the pedestal.



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TRUTHFUL JAMES

or

The Boy Who Would Not Drink

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued)

"Jack, you and I have never had a fight in our lives, for the reason that we have never had any differences before, but when you say that you heard Miss Sally tell a falsehood, I must defend her veracity by saying that you lie," whereupon Jack flew at him like a mad dog.

To the astonishment of all the boys in the party Jimmy held his own against him. He downed him half a dozen times in quick succession. Other boys in the neighborhood came up and took part in the disturbance. The truth is, Jimmy didn't get really good and mad until he found Jack against him. Then he became really angry and used Jack pretty roughly. The other boys were amazed at Jimmy's fighting abilities, for up to that time they thought that he was really parrying with the others and trying rather to stand them off than to thrash them.

Now, he was striking right and left, and whomsoever came in contact with his fists went down.

"Hello, hello!" exclaimed a well-known old farmer who came up just then and stopped to look on, making inquiry as to the cause of the fight.

"Why," said one young man in explaining the matter, "it is about the veracity of Miss Sally Holmes."

"Oh, that's the question at issue, eh?" the old gentleman asked.

"Yes. Some of the boys say that they heard Miss Sally remark she saw Truthful James take a drink of whisky from Henry Halstead's jug and Jimmy denies it."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I never heard of Sally Holmes telling lie in my life. I am willing, too," he went on, "to bet the last dollar I have in the world that Truthful James is telling the truth about it."

"Well, that's what Jimmy says, that Miss Sally didn't say anything of the kind. He is defending both Sally's and his own reputation."

"But she did say it, uncle," said the old man's nephew, who was standing by at the time.

"Then there is a mistake somewhere. I would risk my soul's salvation on the veracity of James Watson."

"Then you would lose your soul's salvation," remarked the young man.

"Yes. There is something wrong, for, like you, I would believe Jimmy's story against that of the rest of the world."

The old man went straight home on hearing that and told his daughter about it.

"Father," said the girl, "there has been some lying, but Sally did the lying herself. You know she is in love with Henry Halstead, and when she heard that Jimmy had denied the story, she claimed that she saw Jimmy take the whisky from the jug."

"Then she did lie," returned the old man, "for Jimmy never told a lie in his life, and you want to make sure of what you are saying, my daughter."

"I haven't anything to do with it, father, but I will maintain that I did hear Sally claim that she saw Jimmy drinking."

"Then the blame lies at her door. There is nobody in this community that would believe that story, although all the State might swear to it against Jimmy's denial."

The news of the fight soon spread all over the township, and Jack Whaley's optics confirmed the story of his fight with the most truthful boy in the town.

A few days later Sally's big brother met James and laid a heavy hand on his collar, saying:

"See here, Jimmy, is it true that you said my sister Sally was a liar?"

"No, it is not true. Some of the boys said that she had said certain things about me which I didn't believe, and in the interest of her veracity I emphatically denied it, and will deny the claim to her face. Our families have known each other for years, and if she were to come to me and say that it is true that she saw me take three drinks of whisky from Halstead's jug I wouldn't call her a liar, for I am too much of a gentleman for that, but I would tell her to her face that I didn't do anything of the kind, and have never taken a drink of whisky in my life. Until she does say that she saw me drink whisky from Halstead's jug I will maintain that the story is a lie, for there are not men enough in this township to make me believe that she said anything of the kind. I was simply defending her."

"Well, Jimmy, I'm sorry to hear you say that, for she admitted to me that the story is true. Now, what are you going to do about it. You must apologize or fight."

"Well, I'll do this about it. I will say to your face that I don't believe that your sister said anything of the kind."

"Well, that means we fight, then," said young Holmes, "for she did say it."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, Holmes, for the statement is not true. That's as near as I will qualify that by saying that you are doing the lying yourself."

Without another word young Holmes fired away at Jimmy, his fist grazing his cheek rather roughly.

Now, young Holmes was the larger of the two boys, but Jimmy was more active, and in the scrimmage that followed he got the worst of it and had both eyes badly bruised.

The news was all over the township before Sally Holmes saw her brother's blackened optics, for by this time Jimmy was in a humor to put up his best efforts.

When he went home and told his story, Sally burst into tears and made a clean breast of the whole matter by saying that she had lied for Halstead's sake, where upon her brother and father and two sisters gave her a tremendous scolding. She said she had told the story to please Halstead, and that she would go to Jimmy and tell him so herself, several times expressing the wish that she were dead and all that sort of thing.

She admitted that Halstead had asked her to corroborate the story more for the purpose of

getting up a joke on Jimmy than for anything else, not expecting that so much trouble would grow out of it.

It was the same old, old story where a trusting girl had lied in the interest of love.

As for Halstead, Holmes never did like the fellow, and he promised himself to even up matters in the affair by giving Halstead a good thrashing the first chance he got, and said to himself that the first time he met Jimmy he would offer him his hand and apologize to him; and he was honorable enough to keep his promise.

Such a scandal could not be kept down, and young Holmes said:

"Yes, boys, it is true. I undertook to thrash Jimmy because the story had come to me that he had made out Sally a liar in the presence of quite a number of you fellows. I admit that I made a dead failure of it, for, to my astonishment, Jimmy got the best of me; but I've got it in for Halstead with a vengeance, and he's got to lick me, or I'll give him the thrashing of his life."

Then the boys made it hot for Halstead, with the result that at least half a dozen different fights ensued.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of Holmes," Halstead retorted when Holmes's speech was reported to him. "He may be able to thrash me as he threatens to do, but I have my opinion about it. I hope, though, you fellows are satisfied with making all the trouble you could out of it. I did ask Sally to corroborate my story, but it was because I had grown tired of hearing Jimmy being called by everybody Truthful James, and his bragging that he never drank in his life. I had heard several others say that they had seen him drink liquor and really I believed them; but in telling the story one evening I foolishly claimed that he drunk from my jug with me, and Sally asked me if it was true, and stated that if I would make the claim that she would corroborate it. Confound the luck; but it was for love of her that I told the lie. Any of you fellows would have done the same thing had your girls have put you up to it."

"Hanged if I would," said one of the boys.

"Shut up," said Halstead. "You don't know what you would do under such circumstances."

"Well," retorted the other, "you didn't know what you would do until you were put to the test."

"Any fellow, though, would lie for his girl."

"Do you mean to say that I would tell a lie and swear to it for the sake of any girl?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear you say that. I wouldn't lie for the best girl in the county."

CHAPTER III.

A Queer Misunderstanding.

As a matter of course, young Jimmy Watson's reputation for veracity became the talk of the entire township. Truthful James wouldn't talk with any one about the affair. He said that he fought only when the fight was forced on him.

"Now," said he, "that the truth is out, I hope my friends will keep quiet and say nothing more about it. Naturally it is a very unpleasant matter to me. There are not enough people in the State to make me believe that Sally would deliberately tell a lie, for I have known her all her life."

"But it seems she did," remarked a friend.

"Yes; but then I didn't know anything about the power of love. She didn't tell that story for the purpose of making mischief. She did not think it would go any further, and when she saw the mischief it was doing, like the honest girl she is, she thought it best to make a clean breast of it and tell the truth, and she did so. I think more of Sally Holmes for having done so, for that shows the honesty of the girl."

"Well," said the young man with whom Jimmy was talking, "if a girl once lied about me like that I'd never forgive her."

"Then that only speaks badly for you. It shows that she is honest and that you are not."

"Oh, look here now, Jimmy, you have thrashed so many fellows about that matter that you'd like to add another one to your list, but you can't play that game on me."

"I'd cut my right hand off before I'd come out and acknowledge before all the world that I had deliberately lied. I'm not that sort of a fellow."

"No; you've shown that plainly," retorted Jimmy. "You're one of those fellows who, having lied once, would stick to it for lack of conscience; but there are too many such men as you in existence for the peace of the world," and with that the two friends parted, one sneering at the other.

The majority in the community thought as Truthful James did, that, having lied once, it was best to acknowledge it and tell the plain truth, thus settling the matter; but Halstead's friends united in denouncing him as a fool for owning up, and Jimmy refused to discuss the matter and it was soon dropped.

"Well," said one of his friends, "haven't you anything more to say about Holmes saying that you had lied about his sister?"

"No; that is a question for him to settle with Sally. The old man ought to take that up himself."

"What old man?" the other asked.

"Why, Sally's father."

"Oh, if it's a family affair, I've not a word to say about it."

"Well, I wish you fellows would drop it altogether. I'm sorry the thing happened, for Sally is a good girl, and it is my honest belief that if she ever told a falsehood in her life it was done unconsciously; and in this case it was only a thoughtless act, for she never dreamed that the matter would go any further. I have known many instances of that kind."

"Well," said the other, "it is the queerest case I ever heard of."

"It was queer in many respects," repeated Truthful James, "and so far as I am concerned, it shall not go any further."

"You can't stop it," said his friend, shaking his head, "for the reason that you can't stop people from talking."

"Oh, I know that only too well; but if any fellow starts it again in my presence he'll get into trouble, and don't you forget it."

"There you will do wrong, Jimmy. People have a right to talk and express their opinion about matters and things. There has been a lot of lying done, and you can't deny that. Let me give you a pointer. If you take upon yourself the task of trying to keep people from lying, you have taken upon yourself a big job."

(To be continued)

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1928

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

PROFIT FROM STATE FORESTS PREDICTED IN JERSEY REPORT

Revenue derived from State forests during the year ended July 1 was equal to 18 per cent of their maintenance and development costs according to a report recently by State Forester C. P. Wilbur. He predicted an increased return during the current year and declared that eventually the tracts would yield a clear profit.

Most of the income last year was from the sale of timber cut in thinning crowded areas. The sale of sand and gravel was another source of revenue.

GIANT ROOSTER HAS HORNS

The Bergen County Poultry Market placed on exhibition recently one of the strangest members of the chicken family ever seen in this section. It is a giant red rooster with two real horns sprouting from its forehead.

Nor is that the only peculiarity. The bird's eyes are set far back in its head at such an angle that approach from behind is not possible without detection; its head is covered with rough feathers which stand on end, which give it an owl-like countenance, and its feet are enormous, with five toes each instead of the normal four. Each leg has two long sharp spurs.

The rooster came to the market, which is located at 10 First Street, Lodi, on Wednesday with a shipment of fowl. That afternoon the bird distinguished itself by killing in a duel another rooster, and on Thursday and Friday he repeated the offense.

DANCER SUCKING A LEMON UPSET A SAXOPHONE PLAYER

For interfering with the saxophone player through mental suggestion, Fraulein Schorma, a professional dancer in a Hamburg cabaret, was discharged. Her offense consisted in playing the practical joke on the sober saxophonist of catching his eye and then inserting half of a lemon

into her mouth and going through the motion of sucking it.

The result proved disastrous for the musician, who, instinctively imagining the taste of the acid fruit, found himself unable to go on playing.

The civil court of Hamburg, before which Fraulein Schorma brought her suit for a month's notice or the equivalent in pay, decided in her favor on the ground that the saxophonist alone was responsible for exhibiting so much sensitivity to external impressions.

HARASSER HAWKS AND OWLS FOUND TO AID THE FARMERS

Few persons realize the value of hawks and owls. Even farmers who reap the greatest benefits from the food habits of these birds seem, in large measure, to be ignorant of the good they do. Boys, reared on farms, learn early to shoot them, having conceived the idea that they are pests, and the habit persists in manhood.

Waldron De Witt Miller, associate curator of birds in the American Museum of Natural History and Vice President of the New Jersey Audubon Society, in a recent bulletin published by the society, discusses the value of hawks and owls. The object of the bulletin is to inveigh against the use of the steel "poletrap"—an unbaited trap attached to the top of a pole, post or stub in an exposed situation in a marsh or meadow, its purpose being to capture hawks and owls.

"There are accumulations of definite and exact data concerning the food of the so-called 'hen-hawks,' which positively establish their value to man," says Mr. Miller. "The marsh hawk, which has been generally considered by sportsmen to be one of the worst enemies of game birds, was particularly studied by Herbert L. Stoddard, biologist, of the United States Department of Agriculture, in his quail study in Georgia, jointly sponsored by the Department of Agriculture and the local sportsmen of the region. Mr. Stoddard found in more than 1,000 meals of marsh hawks only two quail, 'but fully 1,000 cotton rats, which rodent in turn was found to have taken 15 per cent. of all quail eggs destroyed.'"

Mr. Miller gives the following data on stomach contents of a few of these supposedly harmful birds:

"Of 562 stomachs of the red-tailed hawk, from all sections of the country, only 54 examined contained poultry or game, only 51 contained other birds, while 278 contained mice, 131 other rodents, and 47 insects.

"Of 220 red-shouldered hawk stomachs similarly examined, only 3 contained poultry or game and 12 small birds, while 102 contained mice and 40 other mammals. Insects were found in 92.

"Of 65 stomachs of broad-winged hawks examined, none contained poultry, 2 contained small birds, 15 mice and 13 other mammals, while insects were found in 30.

"As to the long-eared owl, of 107 stomachs examined only 1 contained a game bird and 15 other birds, while 84 contained mice, 5 other mammals and 1 insects. In 101 stomachs of the short-eared owl, only 11 contained small birds, while 77 had mice, 7 other mammals, and 7 insects.

"The foregoing examples should satisfy the most exacting that the food habits of hawks and owls as a class are such as to make them of the greatest benefit to man."—Times

Chased By Greasers

"Yes, I've had a number of narrow escapes during my career," remarked the lieutenant, as he puffed lazily at his cigar, "and I think my last adventure may tend to interest you. It was a pretty tight squeeze, and at one time I thought sure I should lose the number of my mess, but 'touch and go' is a good pilot, you know, and here I am to-day, as good as ever. I will give you the details if you care to listen."

"It was the occasion of a dinner party, given on board the vessel to which the lieutenant was attached. His immediate friends were on either side of him, and it is needless to state that the officer's proposition for an after-dinner yarn was eagerly accepted.

"Some of you remember—it is not so long ago—when I received orders to join the gunboat fitted out specially to patrol the Rio Grande, with a view of protecting the interests of our citizens on the Mexican frontier.

"I never did like the race—all of their characteristics are repugnant to our broad and enlightened ideas of civilization. They are priest-ridden, superstitious, ignorant, bigoted, dirty, treacherous, addicted to gambling, lying and assassination, and, gentlemen, I might continue the list to an indefinite degree, were I not well assured that you thoroughly understand the characteristics which in general predominate with the Greasers.

"It was anything but pleasant paddling backward and forward in that confounded river, with clouds of miasma rising every morning, heat sufficient to scorch the boots off your feet, and no amusement to break up the dread monotony which had become well-nigh insupportable. One day followed another with the same routine; there was no society, no one to visit, and it was the earnest wish of all hands that we might either have a rush with the yellow-bellies, or else receive orders for more active and congenial duty.

"Finally, tempted by the clouds of wild duck, plover and other birds infesting the reedy shores and lagoons, I resolved to have a day's sport. The opportunity was a good one, the engineers having blown out the boiler for a general overhaul.

"Accompanied by a young midshipman, Harry Murdock by name, with our double-barreled guns in the stern sheets, we took possession of the dingy, a light, fleet-pulling and sailing boat, and at early daylight shoved off from the Sombrero's side.

"The early mists of the morning were slowly rolling up as we pulled inshore. The current was running swiftly against us; wide detours had to be made to avoid rocks, sand-bars, and shoals which abounded on every side. Leaving the river we proceeded leisurely up a tributary, which was entirely new ground to both of us. The waters, contracted by the narrow channel, rushed furiously along, casting showers of spray in the air, compelling us to exercise our utmost skill to avoid the dangers which beset us on all sides. I was wet, tired and exhausted with the long, fatiguing pull, and only too gladly acceded to my companion's suggestion to tie the boat up to a

tall, overhanging trunk of a tree, and try land tracks for a while.

"We had a fine run of sport, bagging more game than we could carry, and the sun was well up before we thought of returning to the boat, where we had left a lunch, put up by the ward-room steward. We had, as well, wandered a considerable distance inland, which fact was forced most disagreeably and forcibly upon me when I ascended a slight eminence to obtain a better view of the surrounding country.

"A party of most vicious-looking scoundrels, swarthy and bearded like pirates, mounted upon mustangs, galloping directly toward us, the arms and accoutrements glinting brightly in the rays of the morning sun, met my vision.

"There was no mistaking their errand, and if the slightest doubt had existed, it was soon dissipated when the party urged their steers into a round gallop, at the same time unslinging the carbines, which were strapped to their backs.

With a ferocious yell they came swooping down upon us, and I, hastily summoning Harry to follow in my wake, struck for the old trunk of the tree which marked the spot where we had disembarked.

"Clinging to our guns, while game bags and contents were tossed aside, we sought the hardest ground, until a point was reached, as near as we could judge, that was abreast of the tree, which was hidden from them by the tall serge grass. The dry earth was left behind, and, with a plunge, we went ankle-deep into the mud and ooze, three miles of which intervened between us and the river. In the rear a dozen well-armed men were urging their horses along at a furious gait, and, gentlemen, if ever I felt scared in my life it was when I cast a furtive glance over my shoulder, taking in the whole situation.

"There was one point in our favor; we had the advantage of a good start, and as the Greasers reined up their snorting mustangs for a moment on the edge of the marsh we were steadily ploughing our way through the mud and water, while showers of vile compound flew high above our heads with every plunge. We were beyond the range of their rifles, they having tried their caliber, the balls expending themselves far astern, harmlessly in the mud. Then, with a simultaneous yell, they came on, the animals plunging furiously as they sank deeply into the adhesive mud of the morass.

"The rapid crack of the carbines resounded continually in our ears, and as the horses gained upon us the balls began to whistle uncomfortably close. But it is a hard matter for a mounted man to hit a fleeing fugitive, so I had but slight misgivings on that score. It only served to accelerate our pace, while the cattle bandits wasted their ammunition in hope, I presume, that luck would favor them by winging one of us with a stray shot.

"Wet had got fully two-thirds of the distance, with chances in our favor, when with a groan of agony, the plucky little middy fell at my feet. I thought at first he had been struck by a stray bullet, but such was not the case. He was exhausted, beat entirely out, and pressing his hands on his side to repress the pain, his white face met mine with an expression I shall never forget.

"Go on," he gasped with an effort; "leave me behind; there is a chance for you, and one victim is sufficient. I can go no further."

"Get your breath, my lad; keep your gun dry, and 'never say die while there's a shot in the locker.' Two Yankees are a match for a dozen Greasers every day. Can you manage your piece? Good! then take careful aim, let them have one barrel, and reserve the other."

"A storm of bullets pattered around us, ploughing up the mud in every direction, but the horses, from their unruly movements, saved our lives. We remained unhurt, while our fire was delivered full in the faces of the bilious rascals, and three of them dropped from their saddles well peppered with duckshot, while the remainder ducked on the off side, like a Comanche brave, swerving from their course; and seizing the opportunity I dashed forward, catching the bridle of a mustang whose former rider lay floundering in the mire, and the next instant I had swung myself into the saddle.

"Harry, who had in a measure recovered his wind and strength, had followed my example, effecting his capture without trouble; then followed by the remainder of the gang at a respectful distance, we continued the retreat to the bank of the tributary stream in good order, keeping up a running fight, and replying shot for shot.

"The old trunk of the tree loomed up grim and defiant, a beacon of hope to us, though, and already we could make out the dingy bobbing up and down in the swiftly running waters of the creek. A dark bank of clouds was rapidly rising and spreading over the heavens, while the distant mutter of thunder gave warning of the near approach of a severe squall.

"The decisive moment for embarking had come, and hastily ramming home a charge in the empty barrel of my gun, I turned suddenly, charging at full speed upon the astonished Mexicans, and yelling at the top of my voice, closely followed by Harry.

"Delivering our fire in rapid succession, and taking advantage of the smoke and confusion, we dismounted, made a bold push for the dingy, and the next instant I had sent the light shallop whirling out into the stream. The breeze was strong and fair, coming in gust from the midst of the frowning storm-cloud, and stepping the mast, I hauled aft the sheet, taking the helm, while Harry, pale and panting, lay down in the bottom of the boat by my direction.

"A wild, unearthly shout came ringing out in the fitful breeze, and glancing astern, to my dismay I beheld a long, weatherly boat filled with natives, who were in close communication with the gang ashore. They were soon made to understand the true state of affairs, as with a yell of vengeance the oars were manned on either side, and with the foam boiling and bubbling about the bows they gave chase with an earnestness that meant business. But I was on my native element again, my confidence was renewed. I felt more at home, and with every moment Harry was recovering his vitality. He reloaded the guns, keeping an eye on the horsemen who, balked of their prey, galloped along the bank, howling and yelling like so many fiends, but wisely keeping out of harm's way. They had

received a sufficient dose, their ardor had been dampened, and while they burned for revenge, and itched to test the keenness of their knives on our throats, they were willing their comrades should pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them.

"The dingy, with sail almost submerged, was flying through the water at a rapid pace, but the fleet boat astern, urged on by the united strength of fifteen men, gained perceptibly upon our sail-boat.

"The channel now took an abrupt turn to the right, and I knew we were but a short distance from the Rio Grande. The creek was white with foam, and rifts of spray were dashing high above the sunken rocks.

"Look out," muttered Harry, "the boat astern is within range, and they have leveled their escopettes."

"The report of the firearms was lost in a rattling peal of thunder, preceded by a vivid flash of lightning. A squall of wind and rain swept over us, compelling me to let fly the sheet, and in an instant the canvas, torn and tattered, was streaming out to leeward, the sails useless and ruined—for our use at least.

"We were now in a species of rapids, where the torrent boiled along at a furious speed. There was no occasion for canvas to accelerate our pace, and the waters, lashed to fury, roared and mingled with the crash of thunder, and the sharp hissing of the descending rain.

"The smooth sides of granite rocks were on either side, half concealed by flying foam and blinding spray, and the face of my companion turned a shade paler in the lurid glare of the lightning, as he noted the peril we were in. But we had escaped the death which surely awaited us astern. A quick glance over my shoulder assured me of that fact. The Mexicans, appalled by the wild appearance of the channel, had ceased their efforts, and were lying on their oars, virtually giving up the race, without venturing to follow us into what certainly looked like sure destruction.

"We were both compelled to crouch in the bottom of the boat, which tossed and tumbled violently on the surging swells with the buoyancy of a cork. The rebounding foam blinded my eyes as the dingy arose on the crest of a roller, and whirling half around, coming within an ace of broaching to, we glided forth from the narrow creek in safety, riding, half filled with water, on the broader bosom of the muddy Rio Grande.

"The spars of the 'Sombrero' loomed up through the murky atmosphere, swaying to and fro as the squalls swept through the taut rigging, and I can assure you she never looked lovelier to my eyes than when we paddled alongside and gazed at the protruding muzzles of her nine-inch guns.

"Our enemies had long since disappeared."

Colored gravestones were advocated recently by Robert H. Warner of Raleigh, N. C., President of the National Memorial Craftsmen's Association, before the New Jersey branch of the association's convention here. He said they would make cemeteries more attractive.

GOOD READING

FINDS CHILD'S BODY IN RIVER AT SPOT DISCLOSED IN DREAM

A dream which Michael J. Snack had recently after he had spent a whole day with 100 other men in search for the body of 6-year-old Ethel Gannon, resulted in his finding the body about 10 o'clock in the morning 100 feet from where the child was drowned.

Snack lived near the girl's grandparents and knew her well. In his dream he saw himself out fishing in the Neversink River and when he awoke he had a good memory of a certain spot. He hurried to the river and went out in a boat.

Rowing slowly, he scanned the bottom of the river and soon recognized the spot seen in his dream and there, in three feet of water, caught against a sunken tree, was the body of the little girl.

FOOTBALL UNDERGOES CHANGES IN THE CITY

Football in the New York public parks and side streets emerges from the hampering conditions imposed there in greatly altered form. On one of the playing fields of Central Park, where there is mud, no place to put on the time-honored togs, no goal posts, and no assurance that the space will wait if it is not hurriedly seized, the game has evolved into a mixture of football, basketball and tag.

Instead of the usual line-ups and skirmishing there are only punts, which are run back by the team catching the ball. The ball may be passed from player to player, as in basketball; and the boy carrying it, instead of being tackled and downed in the mud as in ordinary football, is "down" when he is tagged. The game has action, even though it might not be recognized by its hardier ancestor.

SANDINO STAMPS ARE BARRED

Postmaster General New issued a statement recently definitely barring from mail matter the Sandino, or Nicaragua "protest" stamp, bearing the words "Protest Against Marine Rule in Nicaragua."

New's action upholds the ruling of the Department's solicitor that sticking the stamps on letters, like the tuberculosis stamps, is illegal. The All America Anti-Imperialistic League with headquarters at No. 39 Union Square, New York, has been selling the Sandino stamps.

"The ruling made by Solicitor Donnelly against permitting the use of the so-called Sandino stamp on United States mail has my entire approval," said the Postmaster General. "It is a manifest absurdity to permit political agitators and advocates of various governmental policies to utilize the United States mails to propagandize the public; and to institute a comparison between the refusal to permit the use of the Sandino stamp and the permission granted in the case of those who would use it in the fight against tuberculosis is

too ridiculous to be entitled to a moment's consideration.

"The use of the Sandino stamp on United States mail will not be permitted."

BOY SCOUTS' NATURE STUDY MUSEUM OPENS

Exercises marking the opening of what is believed to be the finest museum of nature study in the Boy Scout organization of New York City containing specimens of birds, minerals, forestry, insects, reptiles, plants and fish which were gathered by the boys during summer field expeditions, were held recently by Troop No. 472, the Kips Bay Boys' Club troop at No. 340 East 54th Street. About 150 guests attended.

Municipal Justice Myron Sulzberger presented the Field Station Museum flag, accepted on behalf of the troop by Scout Joseph Massello.

The museum will be a permanent display.

Among the guests were Owen R. Lovejoy, Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, Chester H. Aldrich, President of the Kips Bay Boys' Club; G. Dana Younger, director of the club; Col. Thomas Denny, Scout Commissioner of Manhattan; Capt. James H. Beard, Scout Executive of Manhattan; Major Arthur W. Proctor, Secretary of the Boy Scout Foundation of Greater New York, and Arthur Huck, Controller of the Children's Aid Society.

GERMAN MINER AMAZES HUNDREDS OF VIENNA PHYSICIANS

Hundreds of physicians gathered recently at the headquarters of the Austrian Society for Psychic Research and watched in amazement as Paul Diebel, 30-year-old Silesian miner, had daggers, nails and knives thrust into his body without evincing indication of pain or producing a flow of blood.

The spectators included many women, some of whom leaned forward with opera glasses to catch a better view of the miner as he was pierced. Others fainted at the sight.

This was the first time a group of qualified scientific men had witnessed his astounding exhibition. They pronounced it genuine.

Diebel, the spectators asserted, thrust a dagger through his forearm so that the instrument protruded on the other side. He showed his arm around the room before he withdrew the dagger. Not once did he wince and he did not shed a drop of blood.

The miner next, "by concentration of will power," caused drops of blood to trickle through the wall of his stomach, following with expulsion of blood from the knee.

His most dramatic act was to make a large cross in blood appear on his back, the blood being forced to the surface apparently by uncanny experience of will power.

Diebel concluded his exhibition by allowing one of the spectators to shoot a large metal bolt into his chest by means of a catapult. He then calmly withdrew the missile with no show of pain and permitted physicians to examine the bloodless wound produced.

was wet, and I was surprised to find the pull, and only too gladly acceded to my companion's suggestion to tie the boat up to a

met mine with an expression I shall never forget.

CURRENT NEWS

U. S.-PARIS CABLE OPENED

A new direct cable route from the United States to France was officially opened recently by the Western Union Telegraph Company to meet the growing demands of Franco-American business relations. This cable, formerly landed in Great Britain, was diverted from Penzance to Havre and connects through automatic repeaters to 140 miles of cable running underground to Paris.

The event occurred on the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Franco-American treaty of alliance. Messages were exchanged between William M. Taylor, President American Chamber of Commerce in Paris, and Lucius R. Eastman, President Merchants' Association of New York, and between other commercial organizations.

BARING BROS. HOLD HUGE BRITISH DEBT FUND GIFT

Half a million pounds sterling in cash and securities has been placed in the hands of Baring Brothers, bankers, as trustees, to accumulate at compound interest over a long period of years and eventually to be applied to the partial extinction of the national debt. This is the gift just made to the nation by an anonymous donor. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has accepted the gift.

The donor, through the Barings, expressed the hope that others may be induced to add to the fund.

The Chancellor has received several previous small gifts of war bonds for cancellation. The most notable was the gift of Premier Stanley Baldwin, who in 1919 thus gave \$120,000 worth. That he was the donor was learned a long time afterward.

1,500 RISE IN MOTOR DEATH TOLL FOR 1927

Automobile fatalities in the United States last year increased more than 1,500 over 1926, the National Safety Council estimates from partial reports of cities and States. Deaths charged to automobiles in 1926 aggregated 23,500. Philadelphia, Cleveland, St. Louis and Boston reported fewer deaths. Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles show increases. New York City is not mentioned.

Massachusetts reports a reduction over 1926. All cities in that State over 100,000 population, with the exception of Cambridge, show decreases. Kansas City, Minneapolis and Rochester, N. Y., indicated fewer motor deaths, and Louisville, Newark and New Orleans had increases.

Connecticut, New York, Rhode Island and Texas show death increases. In New York the death list jumped from 2,155 in 1926 to 2,442 last year.

CHICAGO A "SOVEREIGN STATE," MUSSOLINI NAMES "MINISTER"

Mussolini's official "Minister to Chicago" arrived here recently aboard the Lloyd Sabaudo liner Conte Biancamano. He is Commander Leopoldo S. E. Zuinini, who for the last five years has acted as Consul General at Chicago, and he

brought his credentials to show his elevation to the post with which one sovereign state recognizes another.

"Minister" Zuinini said Mussolini had been so touched with the good will toward him in Chicago that he had decided to accord the city a Minister of diplomatic rank.

When "Minister" Zuinini returned to Italy on leave eight months ago he took to Mussolini a wreath of gold, studded with jewels and bound with a ribbon of platinum, and a Roman sword studded with diamonds as gifts from the Italian-Americans of the Middle West. This was the tangible evidence of the good will.

The "Minister" added that his special duties will be in connection with Chicago's Centennial Exposition, in which Premier Mussolini has expressed a great interest.

HOPES SMITH GETS STOMACHACHE

"Why did Mayor Walker stop drinking?" was one of the topics of the sermon preached by the Rev. Russell M. Brougher. He said:

"I am glad to see that Mayor Walker has climbed on the water wagon. I am sorry, however, that it took indigestion to make him a patriotic and good citizen of his country.

"Mayor Walker, according to his own statement, is only as good as he has to be. He did not stop drinking because he wanted to, or because he was a loyal, law-abiding citizen, but because his drinking gave him a stomachache and a headache.

"If it is true that Gov. Smith has not stopped drinking, I hope that he gets a stomachache, too. If we have other city and Government officials drinking, then a few less cases of Scotch and a few more cases of stomach trouble would be a good thing for New York."

REFORM LOBBYISTS REGISTERED AT CAPITOL

Officials of the Department of State have found that so far during the present session forty-five lobbyists have registered as required by law as compared to sixty-one registered for the entire 1927 session.

It had been expected that the recommendation of Randall J. Le Boeuf, Jr., for the prosecution, Dr. Walter Laidlaw, of the Cities Census Committee, as a lobbyist who failed to register, would result in a big rush of lobbyists to register this year and this probably will follow before the session ends.

Reform organizations showed a sizable per cent, among the lobbyists thus far registered. Orville S. Poland, W. H. Marsh and Arthur J. Davis are registered for the Anti-Saloon League; John Ferguson for the Lord's Day Alliance; the Rev. O. R. Miller for the Civic League; Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin for the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and District Attorney Payne of Orleans County as a representative of the Good Templars, interested in wet and dry Legislation. Bess A. Morehouse is registered for the League of Women Voters.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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| 1122 Digging Up Dollars; or, The Nerve of a Young "Bull" Operator. | 1146 The Young Wall Street Jonah; or, The Boy Who Puzzled the Brokers. |
| 1123 A Runaway Boy; or, The Buried Treasure of the Incas. | 1147 Wireless Will; or, The Success of a Young Telegraph Operator. |
| 1124 The Old Broker's Heir; or, The Boy Who Won In Wall Street. | 1148 Wall Street Jones; or Trimming the Tricky Traders. |
| 1125 From Farm to Fortune; or, The Boy Who Made Money In Land. | 1149 Fred the Faker; or, The Success of a Young Street Merchant. |
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| 1144 Billy Black, the Broker's Son; or, The Worst Boy in Wall Street. | 1168 Dick, The Wall Street Waif; or, From News-boy to Stockbroker. |
| | 1169 Adrift on the Orinoco; or, The Treasure of the Desert. |

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WESTBURY PUBLISHING CO., Inc.

140 Cedar Street,

New York City